

DC Gazette

VOL IX NR 1

JANUARY 1978

25¢ AT NEWSSTANDS
50¢ BY MAIL

SCENES FROM FLESH STREET

JOBS AND DISEASE



LEONARD COHEN PHOTO

JOHN RAY:
The candidate they forget to mention



MEMOIRS OF A NEIGHBORHOOD COMMISSIONER

National Alternative News: Page Five

Our Occasionally Annual Awards

We submit herewith our intermittent annual awards for services to the city beyond the call or pale of duty.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST AWARD

TO THE CITY COUNCIL: for deciding to deal with the fire hazards of the District Building by moving its offices from the fifth to the first floor.

POLITICAL PLATFORM OF THE YEAR AWARD

TO STERLING TUCKER: who said at a rally that the Redskins are what Washington is all about.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER A CAPITALS GAME AWARD

TO THE CAPITALS: who proved twenty times in a row that George Allen was wrong when he said that losing was like dying.

THEY HAD IT COMING AWARD

TO THE NEWSPAPER GUILD AT THE WASHINGTON POST, which failed to support the pressmen's strike and now finds the Post's anti-union tactics being used against it; and

TO BEN GILBERT, whose offices in the Muncie Building are due to be torn down to make way for a developer.

ARCHITECTURAL ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

TO THE KENNEDY CENTER, for its lobby, a striking example of modern architecture blended into an increasingly natural setting.

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR US LATELY AWARD

TO STERLING TUCKER, JERRY MOORE AND WILLIAM SPAULDING

HAMLET AWARD

TO BILL RASPBERRY. In a close race with Marion Barry for this honor, Raspberry cinched the award by writing several columns on the propriety of a restaurant calling itself Sambo's and then waffling

on the question of whether the local football team should be called the Redskins.

The Washington Star

TODAY IS SUNDAY



Most Unnecessary New Idea of the Year Award

TO TODAY IS SUNDAY, the new supplement in the Star that proves conclusively that publishers don't believe in prior restraint.

Six Most Unnecessary New Ideas for the New Year Award

TO TODAY IS SUNDAY, which has copyrighted "Today is Monday," "Today is Tuesday," etc. — just in case.

MOST LIKELY PERSON YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM IN AGES TO CALL YOU SOON AWARD

TO MARION BARRY

M STREET MEMORIAL TRAFFIC JAM AWARD

TO JUDGE SILVIA BACON

ONE WASHINGTONIAN TO WATCH OUT FOR IN 1978 AWARD

TO ROBERT B. WASHINGTON JR, who

blithely combines being chairman of the DC Democratic Committee with his job as lobbyist for the Board of Trade and who recently was given the power to name 12 additional members to the Democratic Committee. The power to name the others remains, for the moment, with all the other Democrats in the city.

BEST REPLY TO A DUMB SUGGESTION BY A CITY OFFICIAL AWARD

TO GEORGE A. BOYD, CHAIR OF ANC 5B. When City Auditor Matthew Watson suggested that ANCs not be allowed to accumulate more than \$15,000 in their savings accounts "in order to prevent the temptation to embezzle," Boyd commented, "If we wanted to embezzle anything we would have embezzled it already."

WILL WE ALSO GET COLEMAN YOUNG AWARD

TO THE EYEWITNESS NEWS TEAM for only stumbling a little bit when it had to announce that Katherine Graham had traded Channel 9 to a Detroit TV station immediately after the "Lou Grant Show" on which a woman publisher almost lost her newspaper to an avaricious media mogul.

MOST BORING SUBJECTS OF THE YEAR AWARD.

Pisces
All wine columns
The Redskins' wild-card chances
The Apple Tree's dress code
Alejandro Orfila
Competency Based Curriculum
Mr. and Mrs. John Warner
Interagency committees on anything
Anything Sterling Tucker says
Anything Cyrus Vance does
Anything Richard Cohen writes about

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Who Said Bureaucrats Can't Cut Thru Red Tape Award

TO JAMES BALDWIN, director of the Office of Human Rights. On Sept. 20, Barry Zamoff, a neighborhood commissioner who worked for OHR, gave testimony before the city council critical of Baldwin's office. On Dec. 1, Baldwin wrote Zamoff telling him he was abolishing his job.

Feeding the Hahn That Fights For You Award

TO GILBERT HAHN: Whose sizable fee for winning a suit on behalf of DC property taxpayers will be paid for by a surcharge on the property tax.

AN INCOMPLETE LIST OF GOOD THINGS

THE GOVERNMENT: Betty Ann Kane, Hilda Mason, Vincent Reed, Bob Moore of the DC Register, the Neighborhood Commissions, Marion Barry's and Polly Shackleton's staffs

THE CITY COUNCIL FIRST STRING: Marion Barry, Polly Shackleton, Dave Clarke, Hilda Mason, and sometimes Doug Moore and John Wilson.

ORGANIZATIONS: Don't Tear It Down, the ACLU, DC Power, the Coalition for Clean Air, the neighborhood organizations all over the city fighting city hall and developers.

PEOPLE WE'LL MISS: Nancy Harrison, Charlie Halleck, Al Gollin

OUR NEWS TEAM IF MS. GRAHAM HAD TRADED CHANNEL NINE TO US: David Schoumacher, Jim Vance, Gordon Peterson, Willard Scott, Sonny Jurgensen

THE LAST PEOPLE MS. GRAHAM SHOULD CUT WHEN SHE AUTOMATES THE NEWSPAPER GUILD: Coleman McCarthy, Bill Raspberry, Morton Mintz, Tom Shales, Phyllis Richman

THE PERSON TO CALL IF YOU WANT TO WIN IN WARD THREE: Nancy Linton

BEST POLITICAL COMMENTARY: The Ear and Howard the Duck

BEST RADIO: WPFW, WAMU and WMAL-AM

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G. Diane Dodson
Deborah Luxenberg
Edward Rosenthal

SWAMPOODLE REPORT

Send your queries to Josiah X. Swampoodle, c/o The Gazette, 1739 Conn. Ave. NW. Any he can't answer, he'll pass on to Ken Beatrix, who always has an answer for everything.

WHAT'S THE WORST RUN MUSEUM IN THE CITY?

Probably the National Aquarium. You need a visitor's pass to get into the basement of the Commerce Department to see it, its fish tanks leak and is, according to Sue Pressman of the Humane Society, run with "all the imagination of a sewage treatment plant."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN ON THIS PLANET IF EVERYONE STOPPED TAKING PAY FOR THEIR WORK AND IF ALL PRODUCTS AND SERVICES WERE GIVEN AWAY FOR FREE?

I asked John Wiebenson about this and he tells me the first thing he would do is to stop eating at Schwartz's and go pick up some lobsters at Larimers.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO KEN LANGE?

Lange, who campaigned vigorously for Carol Schwartz's seat just two months ago, is now an Assistant State's Attorney in Miami.

I KNOW WHAT ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND ARE, BUT LATELY I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT ENCOUNTERS OF THE FOURTH KIND. WHAT ARE THEY?

According to the SoHo News, they are collect phone calls from an alien.

HOW DO I STOP MY KID FROM WATCHING SO MUCH TV?

Well, you can do what Sol Levine of Highland Park, Illinois, did. He rigged a bicycle generator to his TV and his children have to pedal in order to watch. This stimulates exercise, cuts down on viewing and saves the nation about one barrel of crude oil a year.

WILL STERLING TUCKER REALLY BE OUR NEXT MAYOR?

That poll the Post took would make you think so, but keep in mind several things:

- The Post poll, according to our sources, was distorted by the failure to include some of the results, including those from precinct 89 on Capitol Hill, where polling procedures came into question. Anyway, polling voters during the miniscule school board election does not provide a good reflection of a mayoralty campaign.

- Walter Washington is probably the best campaigner of the three front-runners. If he campaigns hard he could regain much of the ground he has lost to the lacklustre Tucker.

- Media campaigns will be extremely important. Watch who hires whom to do their TV ads.

Josiah X. Swampoodle
Purveyor of split infinitives for more than forty years

dc  eye

THOSE CURIOUS as to what sort of mayor Sterling Tucker would be should note carefully his reaction to having been found in violation of the law by doing paid, outside work while chairing the city council. Tucker says he was "vindicated" by the decision, apparently referring to the fact that Judge Green decided not to boot him out of office as the law calls for. To many people, vindication requires something more than a suspended sentence, but Sterling seems to equate the term with getting away with it. You have been warned.

THE MAYOR, WHO WAS AT HIS CHARMING best on his recent televised question and answer session, managed to suggest gently that Walter Fauntroy had done nothing to help get the city's budget through Congress. Fauntroy said the mayor was

"misleading the public" and added that "we have a strategy and he knows it."

The only possible strategy that calls for Fauntroy's display of indifference towards city budgetary matters would have been one in which the mayor asked his colleague on the

TITLE 34:DC HUMAN RIGHTS LAW

1. Community Brochure: Guide for DC Residents on what the law should do, how the city's failed to enforce it, what you can do about it.

2. Report on Non-enforcement patterns, recommendations for change. Two publications for \$1. Send money and requests to National Lawyers Guild, 509 C NE, DC 20002

WHAT'S HAPPENING

MORE APPOINTMENTS FOR WOMEN

A COALITION has been formed to fight for more appointments of women to DC government commissions. The group, the Coalition for the Appointment of Women, is looking for additional individuals and organizations to get involved. Call Betty King, 338-4424, for information.

TENNALLYTOWN SLIDE SHOW

Neighborhood Planning Councils 2 and 3 have a slide show about Tennallytown and Fort Reno during the first half of this century. Info: Liz Cressman, 244-7774.

CIVIL LIBERTIES IN WWI DC

Four historians discuss civil liberties in Washington during World War I at a free seminar on Jan. 28 at the Woodrow Wilson House, 740 Jackson Place NW, beginning at 9 am. Speakers will include William Maury, author of "Boss Shepherd and the Board of Public Works," Howard professor emeritus Rayford Logan and Keith Melder, author of "The Beginnings of Sisterhood."

HOME THE LEARNING PLACE

The Learning Place Family Room, Terrell Elementary School, Savannah & Wheeler Rd SE, has materials and ideas for family learning. It's open weekdays from 830am to 730pm.

SENIOR DISCOUNT DIRECTORY

The Senior Citizens Discount Directory, that handy guide to where to get it cheaper if you're older, is now back in stock and available at Polly Shackleton's Ward Three office in the Chevy Chase Recreation Center. You must have a Medicare card or a SS card and evidence of birth date.

BACK TO THE CITY MOVEMENT REVISITED: A SURVEY OF RECENT HOMEBUYERS IN THE CAPITOL HILL NEIGHBORHOOD. \$1.50 from the GW Department of Urban and Regional Planning. Call Jo-Lynn at 676-7475.



SUSAN MEDALIE (left) and Judy Solomon are the publishers of *Getting There*, a new magazine for people 11-16. It's designed, they say, to help them deal with the physiological and social problems of adolescence. A six-issue subscription is available from *Getting There*, 3113 Macomb NW, DC 20008, for \$2.50.

Furthermore. . .

- THE VOLUNTEER CLEARINGHOUSE needs museum guides, athletic coaches, tutors, friendly visitors, drivers, office workers and law interns. (333-0455)
- HOMEOWNERS AND RENTERS TAX REDUCTION ACT HEARINGS: Room 500, City Hall, Jan 11, 10am and 2pm
- THE URBAN LEAGUE'S READERS TO THE BLIND provides read-

ing assistance to the hard-of sight. (265-8200)

- ANTI-TRUST LEGISLATION HEARING: City Hall, Room 500, Jan 19, 10am and 2 pm. To testify call 724-8070.
- THE WASHINGTON HOSPICE SOCIETY has opened offices at 1511 K NW. (638-1300)
- THE CITY HALL COMPLAINT CENTER offers assistance on citizen problems with the DC government. (393-3333 between 10 and 2)

Hill to grease the skids by keeping his mouth shut. If this was indeed the case, then we must give the mayor credit for being a far better strategist than we had imagined.

WITH DEVELOPERS CHOMPING at the last bits of open space and empty buildings in town, the land wars are bursting out all over. A couple of ideas it may not be too late to try:

- Why not pass an environmental law that would prohibit or limit building on slopes above a certain incline or in watersheds? Other communities have done it and it can prove quite a boon. Much of the land that is still open around here is that way in part because it's the least desirable land to build on. But with so little land available, the developers are heading for the

hills. And for environmental reasons alone, they should be protected.

- Why not permit the condominiumization of old mansions even in communities zoned one-family-residential? Under present laws these buildings either get torn down or turned to institutional use, which is often far more intensive than would be the case if they were condominiums.

AWFUL ARGUMENTS AT THE QUALITY INN on Capitol Hill. The management doesn't like the cabbies using the bathrooms. They hauled one protesting cab driver before the Hacker's Board because he had allegedly responded to the ban by urinating in the hotel driveway. The cabbie convinced the board it was just a leaking water pump and that the security

officer had misinterpreted the incident.

IN THE WORDS OF POGO, we are fraught with frenzy, decked with despair and replete with rue. We forgot to mention last month that John Wilson voted in favor of decriminalizing the possession of small quantities of pot.

But at least we did better than the mayor. He vetoed the bill, saying that the bill failed to differentiate between minors and adults. The bill actually explicitly applies to those eighteen or older. Maybe the council should send someone over to read its legislation to him.

THE DC GAZETTE

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JANUARY 1978



Jeffrey Blankfort / LNS

miners at Ogilvy-Norton Mine near Wheeling, West Virginia

Jobs and disease

DAVID ARMSTRONG

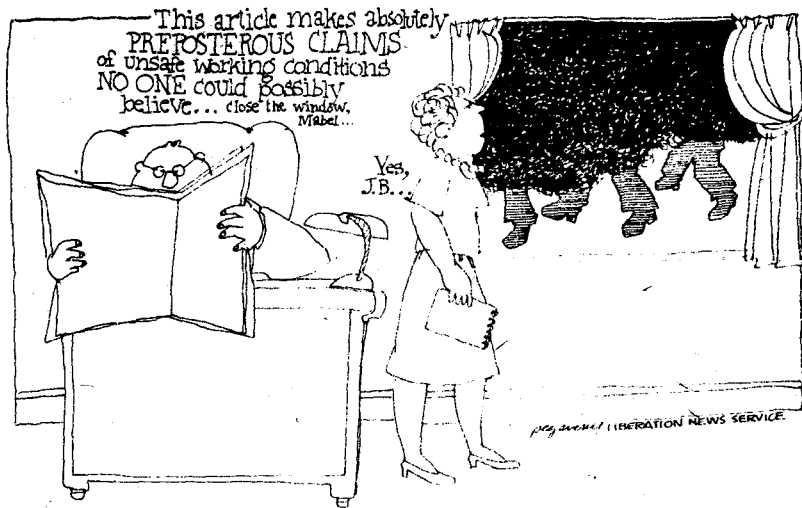
WHEN THE PESTICIDE DBCP was shown recently to cause sterility in male workers, one manufacturer of the chemical had a ready solution. Simply restrict work with DBCP to men who were already sterile, or to those who had enough children anyway, he suggested. That way, unwanted population growth could be curbed, healthy workers wouldn't be harmed and manufacturers could get on with the business of making money on the stuff. Simple.

Well, not that simple. Not many people are enthusiastic about sterility as a criterion for employment, and not many were taken with the timing of the suggestion, either. Manufacturers of DBCP knew as far back as 1954 that it was toxic to humans. The manufacturers, Dow Chemical, Shell Oil and Occidental Chemical, just neglected to mention it. On October 28, the manufacture, use and sale of DBCP was finally banned.

Many other substances once believed safe continue as poisons in the workplace,

however, like asbestos, coal and cotton dust, lead, assorted other pesticides, even microwaves. Last year, for example, US embassy employees in Moscow were sickened by a highly publicized Soviet "bombardment" of the embassy with microwave radiation. This bombardment was only half as high as the "safe" dosages allowed American workers who make microwave equipment. Soviet standards, by way of comparison, are 1,000 times lower than ours.

Many occupational diseases — cancers chief among them — take years to develop, leading employers to insist they are not work-related. Their claims, however, don't bear up well in early occupational health studies. Rubber workers, for instance, get cancer of the stomach, prostate, lymphatic system and leukemia at a rate 50 to 300 percent higher than that of the general population. Steelworkers get cancer of the lung, trachea and bronchus 64 percent more often. According to a National Institute of Occupational Safety survey, one in four Ameri-



cans are exposed on the job to some substance thought to cause death or disease.

Why? Electrical engineering specialist Charles Susskind, asked to comment on the comparative approaches of the US and the Soviets to the dangers of microwaves, may provide a clue. "Because of their dogma - the dictatorship of the workers," Susskind opines, "the socialists have paid much more attention to working conditions." In short, trying to make a living in a system that puts profits before people can be hazardous to your health.

Occupational health and safety is one of the critical stories of our time; yet, according to mediawatchers like the Columbia Journalism Review, it is among the most poorly reported. CJR, in assaying coverage of sickness among asbestos workers in California and Connecticut, concludes that the major media seldom talk to working people for occupational health stories, preferring the official body counts of employers, who assure them that things are just fine.

The agency charged with setting and enforcing health standards on the job is the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, created in 1970 as an arm of the US Department of Labor. Some features of the law creating OSHA sound good for beleaguered workers. Employees can, for example, file requests for unannounced inspections of their workplace, and they can do so anonymously, to prevent employers' reprisals. A workers' representative can accompany OSHA inspectors, and workers can challenge the length of time allotted to employers to clean up their act. Employers can be fined up to \$10,000 for non-compliance.

On paper, then OSHA looks pretty good. In practice, it is ineffectual. The agency is chronically underfunded and understaffed, allowing for inspection of only two percent of American workplaces a year. Moreov-

er, it is dependent on employers for data on their operations, seldom levies heavy penalties and is largely out of touch with the people it was designed to protect. My father, a machinist in an aircraft parts plant, says the OSHA researchers who set safety standards in his plant never talked to the workers there. As a result, he says, the regulations are unrealistic and often ignored.

During the Nixon years, OSHA was used mainly as a public relations vehicle for RMN, particularly during the 1972 re-election campaign, when the regulatory heat on corporate donors was turned down so low, icicles could have formed on the statutes. OSHA under Carter is not as partisan, but its track record remains abysmal. The agency has set tolerance levels for only 500 of the 19,000 chemicals used in American industry and only 17 of 2400 suspected cancer-causing agents.

A new chemical is introduced to American industry every 20 minutes. Generally, the response of employers who discover danger is to fire or transfer workers (often at lower pay) after they've absorbed as much toxicity as employers' guesswork figures they can handle. Seldom do manufacturers attack the problem from the other end: by removing the toxicity. And seldom do OSHA administrators require it.

Cleaning up the workplace, most employers argue, would cause inflation and cost jobs. Yet, as scientist-activist Barry Commoner points out, industries that are most hazardous, like plastics, are also often the most capital and machine-intensive. Pressed on such discrepancies, industrialists often deal with them by avoidance, hightailing it to parts of the country with the lowest wages, the weakest unions and the fewest questions - or by leaving the US.

Making certain that questions don't solidify into restrictions is the job of industry lobbyists. Asbestos lobbyists, for example, helped New Jersey Rep. Millie Fenwick draft proposed legislation limiting manufacturers' liability in work-related lawsuits. And when OSHA finally announced, in October, a cohesive plan for rating carcinogens, industry spokespeople hinted broadly of courtroom challenges.

Relatively aggressive unions like the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers urge their members to identify and report on-the-job hazards to OSHA, in hopes of developing at least a minimal counterforce. In this they are unusual; most unions are more concerned with wages than health.

The Woman Worker

WOMEN who were once excluded from high-paying industrial jobs - just because they were women - are now being kept out of those same trades because of so-called occupational hazards.

The Progressive Magazine estimates that about one million women in the United States of child-bearing age are now working with chemicals which can cause birth defects and miscarriages.

As a result, the magazine says, companies which once simply refused to hire women, now transfer or dismiss women of child-bearing age because the chemicals they work with might damage an unborn fetus. These women, The Progressive says, are increasingly being given the choices of having hysterectomies or tubal ligations, or of quitting their jobs.

Among the companies which are removing women from areas where high levels of exposure to lead and zinc could damage a fetus are DuPont, Good Year and General Motors. The Exxon and Dow Chemical companies no longer hire fertile women for jobs involving exposure to benzene, one of the frequently-used products in the petrochemical industry. At the Amoco Company, women employees must immediately report a missed menstrual period to the company physician; one woman at Amoco's sugar facility, the magazine says, was fired for failing to give timely notice of her pregnancy.

What is emerging, the Progressive says, is a bizarre confrontation between working women's rights to a safe workplace, under the provisions of the 1970 Occupational Safety and Health Act, and their rights to equal employment opportunities under the 1967 Civil Rights Act.

Industry's sudden concern for health and safety for the developing fetus is not prompted by a surge of concern for human safety, however. According to one industry lawyer, more and more companies are "terrified about the prospect of having a deformed child bring suit." As one Dow Chemical official told The Progressive, "We'd rather face an action by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission than a deformed child."

- HER SAY

DC GAZETTE

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Even so, unionists are likely to have more clout than unorganized workers, who comprise 80 percent of the workforce.

While proponents of occupational health and safety struggle to gather their forces, the outline of a major national problem is gradually becoming visible. "If we had statistics from an in-depth medical survey of the nation's workers," says Rep. Dominick Daniels (D-NJ), head of the House Health and Safety Committee, "they would paint a picture of disease and chronic illness as horrifying as conditions in the sweatshops of the last century."

Have you checked your ions lately?

BY HAL AIGNER

WHY IS IT that a walk by the sea or a visit to a waterfall can be so invigorating while a day in the city can leave you tired and irritable even when you've been relaxing?

Research conducted for two decades at the University of California, Berkeley, under the direction of Dr. Albert Paul Krueger, professor emeritus of biometerology, suggests the answer may lie in understanding electrical balances in the air and the role played by ions.

Ions are tiny clusters of airborne gases attached to a negative or positive electrically charged molecule. They occur freely in nature, generated from many sources, including cosmic rays and ultraviolet radiation, energy emissions from radioactive substances in soil and rock, the spray from waterfalls and the crash of surf on coastal shores.

Despite their infinitesimal size, these ions are capable of producing strange and powerful physiological and psychological effects, according to previous studies by Dr. Felix Sulman of Israel and others. This is true particularly for the 15-30 percent of the population that is especially weather sensitive.

Now, on the basis of 75 research papers from his own laboratory and several thousand papers detailing the work of fellow ion researchers in other countries, Dr. Krueger can attest to a long list of these ion effects — a list that is both unnerving and encouraging.

Air laden with positive ions is damaging to humans and some other animals tested. Inhalation of excessive doses may cause aching joints, insomnia, irritability, hot and cold flashes, diarrhea, vertigo and inhibited delivery of oxygen to various parts of the body.

In positive-ion heavy air, sinuses turn against hay fever victims. Asthmatics develop lung congestions. Secretaries and bosses snap at each other. Elderly people become depressed, apathetic, fatigued.

But negatively charged atmospheric ions, supplied in modest quantities of from 3000 to 5000 per cubic centimeter of air, relieve all of those symptoms. In addition, they stimulate increased

energy, exhilaration, spontaneous activity, greater sexual inclination and enjoyment and improved mental alertness and psychomotor performance.

In negative ion-laden air, psychoneurotic and somatic complaints have been known to disappear; viral and bacterial growths, including influenza, are severely retarded, and burns heal faster with fewer scars. Houseplants thrive.

Also, there appear to be no detrimental side effects from negative ions in any dosage. Says Dr. Krueger: "As far as negative ions are concerned, I don't know of any limit. No one has shown any adverse effects."

Generally, both kinds of ions are generated together. There are places and times, however, where they occur unevenly.

At waterfalls and near ocean surf, the positive ions tend to sink down in larger drops of water while the negative ones rise with the spray and therefore occur more densely in the surrounding atmosphere.

In desert and mountain regions, during certain legendary ill winds, positive ions are overabundant. Such winds are the Rocky Mountains' chinook, the Midwest's sharav, and the foehn of the Northern Alpine Valley. In Southern California there is the Santa Ana, described by Raymond Chandler in a short story Red Wind:

"There was a desert wind blowing that night. It was one of those hot dry Santa Anas that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair and make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights like that every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks. Anything can happen."

One explanation holds that as winds blow through arid areas, they stir up dust and lose their negative charge, for dust and other particulates leech out negative ions. As they breeze into populated areas, they then poison bodies and souls with a surplus of the positive.

Cities tend to duplicate many of the natural conditions that favor positive ions. Urban pollutants react with ions in much

the same way as natural particulates. Auto exhaust, factory fumes, tire dust and tobacco smoke all drain the beneficial electricity out of the downtown environment and leave the detrimental behind.

In addition, cities tend to create large pockets of air with no ions at all. Plastics, synthetic fibers and other objects that pick up electrical charges remove ions from the air. So do the metal ducts covering heating and air conditioning outlets; so do the synthetic materials of clothing and furniture coverings; and so do metal screens.

The Soviets have experimented with raising mice in an ion-depleted atmosphere. Within a few weeks, all of them died.

The Japanese have found that ion-depleted air can induce somnolence and depression.

Unlike other grim environmental reports, however, this one points to a hopeful development: electronic designers have developed several models of low-cost negative ion generators, ranging from small devices for personal use to major factory systems. The effectiveness of some of these has been tested.

A Swiss bank installed one and reported that employee work days lost to respiratory illnesses dropped markedly.

But there's a problem. The history of ion generator sales is not unblemished. During the 1950s, similar devices were marketed under suprious claims. They were, for example, hawked as cancer medicine. The Food and Drug Administration clamped down and has not lifted its ban on the machine yet — which explains why news of ions and their effects hasn't much left the lab and seeped into the popular consciousness.

As scientific data continues to accumulate, however, Dr. Krueger predicts that "there's every reason to expect engineers and environmentalists to get together and supply us with air that is not only pollutant free but also has the air ion level and charge restored to that which prevails in nature." (C) PNS 1977



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The different zoo

BILL SIEVERT

ZOOS — LONG CRITICIZED FOR UNNATURALLY CAGING ANIMALS FOR human pleasure — may now be the only hope for saving many rare and endangered species.

It is with just that hope that the US National Zoological Park has opened its new Virginia Conservation and Research Center near Front Royal.

Rare, endangered or extinct in their natural habitats, more than 160 mammals and birds representing 19 species have been transferred from traditional American zoos to this new "breeding park" in a last-ditch effort to prevent their total eradication.

But officials of the park, a venture of the Smithsonian Institution, concede that their new-age zoo is only a "stop-gap" measure.

"The present loss of animal species and subspecies is proceeding at a rate of one a year while dinosaurs vanished at a rate of one species every 1,000 years," says curator Dr. Chris Wemmer.

"Industrial civilization is destroying wild animals on an unprecedented global scale, and it is a moot point whether or not to what extent the trend can be diminished. No doubt many more large vertebrate species will perish."

At the new Virginia park, herds of wild zebras, kangaroos, camels, deer and monkeys are allowed to roam and graze freely over some 3,000 acres of rugged rangeland. They are disturbed only occasionally by jeep loads of curious researchers, including college students assigned to specific projects. The public is excluded for now.

The only similar operation in the US is the San Diego Zoo's five-year-old Wild Animal Park. Unlike the Virginia facility, the San Diego park includes unendangered as well as endangered species, and the public is allowed to view the animals by way of an around-the-park railroad.

Though complimentary about the San Diego program, Wemmer is critical of the role most municipal zoos have played in the past. "While a few zoos can boast of having saved a handful of species," he says, "the representatives of many more dying species trickled through zoological gardens in the twilight of their existence."

Yet, he adds, "we now realize that zoos are the only salvation for a large number of species."

Wemmer speaks of a new type of zoo —

one designed not for public entertainment, but to provide a "semi-natural" habitat and sophisticated techniques for animal breeding. We're raising wild animals like you'd raise cows or sheep," he says of his facility. "The meaningful unit here is the population rather than the specimen."

"We're hopeful that self-sustaining captive populations of exotic wildlife might span future uncertainties indefinitely — at least until world ecological conditions stabilize."

For more than a decade, the National Zoo had been interested in setting up such a breeding farm to "sustain gene pools of exotic wildlife." But it wasn't until 1975 — when the Government Services Administration declared surplus the Virginia park's current site, a former World War II prisoner of war camp and later a Department of Agriculture cattle research center — that the Smithsonian acquired permanent title to the land, making it available to the National Zoo.

Former cattle pastures quickly were fenced and barn facilities renovated and expanded. By the time the first animals arrived a year ago from the National Zoo and municipal zoological gardens throughout the country, the Virginia research center had been equipped with barns, 11 huge paddocks and some seven miles of eight-foot chain-link fence.

Although the park's acreage produces as much as 300 tons of feed (selenium-rich hay) each year, last year's particularly severe winter proved a trying period of adjustment for animals and park officials alike.

"We found our situation to be like that of farmers in an alien land," Wemmer recalls. "Even though we supplied extra food during the winter months, the animals overgrazed. It was touch-and-go for awhile... Food production for exotic species is still an infantile science. We're trying to feel our way to the best solutions."

In recent months, park researchers have been studying an assortment of experimental techniques in range utilization and food management. They plan, for instance, to begin rotating pasture use between heavy eating species (zebras) and lighter eaters (oryx).

Careful monitoring of the animals' reproductive behavior also is crucial. The sex ratio and age distribution of

each species must be structured carefully to achieve maximum population growth.

While the park is still in its infancy, there has already been breeding of many of the species represented. Wemmer is particularly excited at a "surplus production" of Pere David's deer, which are extinct worldwide in the wild. "The idea is not just to maintain the population, but to increase the number each year," he says.

Wemmer terms the park's goal an "enormous challenge," but says breeding is proving to be easier in this nearly natural environment than in the closely confined compounds of traditional zoos.

"A more complete expression of behavior is allowed," he explains, "because the coexistence of several males in a small confined space is impossible at traditional zoos, the decision of who mates with whom becomes the curator's prerogative." At the Virginia facility, however, huge paddocks allow several males to coexist and share the parentage of offspring.

Closed circuit television is used to monitor family interactions within each species, and one particularly intriguing research project is studying the communication system among wild dogs.

"Besides giving the species a chance to survive, we're beginning to learn a lot more about their natural behavior patterns," Wemmer says.

"Our approach," he says, "could theoretically be used by traditional zoos. But it would be much more expensive and would conflict with the educational and recreational goals of those zoos."

Breeding programs developed over the years at the National Zoo have been expanded at the Virginia research center. Three pairs of golden lion tamarins — an endangered species of monkey of which only 83 remain on earth — were transferred from the National Zoo to the Virginia park last winter, and already three litters have been born.

New species are always being added. Several tree kangaroos arrived last summer, and a couple of pairs of red pandas are due this autumn.

Eventually, the public will be allowed to take a look at the park's research and its inhabitants. A visitor's education facility is planned for construction in 1980, with a scheduled opening in 1981.

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The pesticide myth

FRANCES MOORE LAPPE AND JOSEPH COLLINS

Adapted from "Food First" published by Houghton Mifflin

EVIDENCE IS MOUNTING that the ever-increasing use of pesticides in the US is not essential to greater food production.

Twelve times more toxic chemicals are in use in this country now than 30 years ago — 1.2 billion pounds annually, or six pounds for every American. Wall Street analysts predict that by the early 1980s, the current \$2.5 billion pesticide market will grow by 50 percent.

There is increasing awareness of dangers these chemicals pose to workers who produce them, to farmers and farmworkers who apply them, and to consumers.

There is also a popular belief, however, that the world food crisis forces a hazardous but necessary trade-off: greater food production through more use of pesticides — and increased risk of contamination.

But there are facts that challenge that assumption:

- Nearly half the pesticides used in the US go not to farmland but to golf courses, parks and lawns.

- Only five percent of the nation's crop and pasture land is treated with insecticides, 15 percent with weedkillers, and 0.5 percent with fungicides.

- Nonfood crops account for over half of all insecticides used in American agriculture. Cotton alone receives almost half (47 percent) of all insecticides used.

- There is evidence that even if all pesticides were eliminated, crop loss due to pests (insects, weeds, mammals and birds) would rise only about seven percentage points, from 33.6 to 40.7 percent.

Agronomists point out that chemical corporations cut production costs by developing pesticides that kill the broad-

est spectrum of pests. The companies also increase profits by promoting schedules or "blind" spraying instead of only responding to need.

Such procedures, however, often generate new pest outbreaks — and demands for more and more pesticides. The fact that US farmers are using 12 times more pesticides than they did 30 years ago while pre-harvest crop losses have almost doubled demonstrates the self-reinforcing cycles that heavy pesticide use generates.

A field is not just a battleground of pest versus plant but an interacting system of hundreds of different species. Some are predators that eat the crop-damaging insects. But when these natural predators are wiped out by an insecticide that does not distinguish friend from foe, many ordinarily insignificant plant-eating insects multiply faster than their predators.

As more resistant pests multiply, every increased application of the insecticide will kill more predators but fewer and fewer pests, thus compounding the damage to crops.

In Nicaraguan cotton fields, for example, insecticides were applied approximately eight times per season in the late 1950s. But by the late 1960s, pests had increased so dramatically that 45 to 50 applications per season were required, thus giving the Central American country the dubious distinction of holding the world's record for the number of applications of insecticides on a single crop.

In Mexico, Kenya, Malaysia and elsewhere, cocoa, palm oil, cotton, rubber, coffee and other export crops have been devastated by pest attacks unleashed, ironically, by the introduction of pesticides.

These self-reinforcing patterns re-

sulting from heavy pesticide use are, of course, not merely wasteful. They are dangerous - especially in the developing countries where American chemical corporations continue to export toxic pesticides banned in the US.

During 1967-68 in Nicaragua, over 500 cases of pesticide poisoning were reported, with 80 deaths. The US Embassy in Mexico in 1974 reported 689 poisonings and seven deaths of agricultural workers due to US-made pesticides. Increasing use of pesticides in Asia is destroying fish traditionally harvested from rice fields, fish that have always served as a valuable, cheap protein source.

And, ironically, even the exported pesticides are boomeranging. The US Food and Drug Administration is currently investigating traces of four cancer-causing pesticides, banned in the US, but found in

coffee imported from Brazil and the Ivory Coast.

Moreover, certain farming methods can reduce the need for pesticides. Mixed cropping patterns have been shown to reduce the pest problem (and therefore pesticide use) as compared to single crops planted over vast acreages.

Crop losses and health concerns have forced farmers to look for alternatives to pesticides, and some of the alternatives are proving even more effective - and less expensive - for pest control.

In Graham County, Arizona, cotton growers proved they could save a lot of money by eliminating blind sprayings. Before spraying, they sent trained scouts out into the fields to measure pest lev-

LETTERS

THERE IS NO USE denying that the alternative culture is divided, so much so that few are coming out of the apathy and indifference that it so foolishly accepted in the early 70's.

The alternative culture has spent too much time bragging about victories of the war protest days, Woodstock, civil rights, Watergate, the FBI, CIA and everything else political, social, educational, philosophical and what have you. It has seen many friends go to jail and has seen friends turning narks to aid the tyrants in busting masses of friends. It has gone from one extreme to another like a ship off course.

Where is the movement today? Life still has need for such a movement. There is no honor or victory in giving up, dividing and allowing the tyrants to win.

There is a need to regroup the alternative culture with new purpose, new ideas, new alternatives because this will be the last possible time to do so before the New Right gets a strong hold and uses science and medical technology to brainwash the people and bring the remaining left liberals and alternative people into their system as slaves.

V. McDEMORE
Nashville, Tenn.

SENATORS THURMOND AND STENNIS have pushed a bill through the Senate which will make it a crime for any group to offer counselling or political support to individual soldiers. It

will virtually outlaw the work of Citizen Soldier and other legal defense organizations.

This draconian legislation (S. 274/ HR 120) was rushed through the Senate with only three dissenting votes. Obviously, Strom Thurmond and the Pentagon generals are relying upon the widespread ignorance concerning the real meaning of this bill. The press and television news have presented virtually no information on S. 274.

S. 274/HR 120 were ostensibly drafted to prohibit GIs from collective bargaining, strikes and other labor activities. However, its sweeping language makes the work of GI counselling organizations also illegal. The bill defines any group which has as one of its objectives "the participation in the process of resolving individual complaints or grievances in the chain of command" as "labor organizations." The act then declares such activity to be felonies, subject to five years in prison!

The time is short. The bill's sponsors hope to win quick approval from the House in January. We must work to insure that every representative fully understands the dangerous implications of this bill.

TOD ENSIGN
MICHAEL UHL
Coordinators
Citizen Soldier

I thoroughly agree with your recent article: in today's technological world it is important that an informed public be conversant with the world of scientists and engineers. The 'experts' will cheat you every time, unless you keep close tabs on them! I, myself, feel comfortable with numbers, even large ones. I've even found ways to put numbers to entertaining uses. For example I calculate my friends' special birthdays - real, but totally unexpected anniversaries. A while ago, we had a surprise party for my daughter-in-law, when she was precisely 10000 days old.

(27 years, 4+ months) Soon, one of my daughters will be 1 billion seconds old. (31 years, 8+ months) Myself, I'll be celebrating my half million hour birthday next year (57 years, 14 days). Surprise some of your friends with such birthday parties - note that no more than simple addition and multiplication are required (no complex math functions are required, track of leap years). Just keep another source of fun is the computer. It need not always be used for debits and interest charges. Since your friend, mentioned in your article, likes sine curves I've chosen to have my computer write accordingly.

ERWIN VOGEL
Gaithersburg, Md.

ers. Pesticide expenditures dropped tenfold and so did pest damage.

Similar experiments on 42 cotton and 39 citrus farms in California reduced pesticide expenditures by more than 60 percent.

Crop rotation is also effective in controlling pests, since the pests that

thrive on one crop will be deprived of their sustenance when another crop is alternated.

Introducing the natural predators and parasites of crop-damaging insects is another nonchemical method with potential. Mulching — putting organic or even inorganic material on top of the soil — can

reduce weeds without herbicides.

Such techniques demonstrate that a trade-off between food production at the price of pesticide poisoning is not inevitable — one is possible without the other.

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AMERICAN JOURNAL

THE ALTERNATIVE PRESS

David Armstrong

ALREADY the papers are pushing out past the doors of dusty cabinets, stacking up beside the sink higher than the dishes. Some people keep plants in their homes; I keep periodicals; the pulpy residue of 10 months' research for a book I'm writing on alternative media. Unlike plants, periodicals needn't be watered or coddled and they don't scream or swoon when you make cuttings. As household companions, they have their advantages.

I've grown inordinately fond of some of them over the months and I mourn those that won't be around to pass another winter. Like *Arcade*, the comics revue, whose literate absurdities found an appreciative but too-small audience. And *Amex-Canada*, the journal of American war resisters that marked its 10th anniversary by ceasing publication in recognition that its job was (mostly) done. And maybe *Seven Days*, the fledgling radical newsmagazine that's been in limbo lately for lack of funds.

There are plenty of publications still kicking, though, whose work matters to me and may matter to you should you make their acquaintance. These are periodicals outside the mainstream that have something to say that's not often said elsewhere and that say it uncommonly well. Since such publications are often little-known, I've selected 10 national periodicals you might like to meet and listed them below:

Akwesasne Notes is a newspaper without peer, an encyclopedic round-up of newspaper clippings and cultural and spiritual matters affecting Native Americans and their friends. A single issue can take you from an account of eco-rape in the Amazon, through the apocalyptic prophecies of the Hopis and into a consideration of natural healing with herbal medicine. With numerous graphics, letters and poetry, *Notes* provides its own antidote to reporting that is necessarily serious, even scary. (Published five times yearly/Subscription by donation, 50¢ an issue/Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, NY 13683)

CoEvolution Quarterly, edited

by *Whole Earth Catalog* braintruster Stewart Brand, is the *WEC* in grown-ups clothes. They're not as funky as the old ones, but they won't get you tossed out of a New Age hoedown either. *CQ* features how-to-do-it listings, leavened with lengthy roundtable raps on solar energy and global planning with the likes of California Gov. Jerry Brown, essays on ecology, space colonies and concepts like "voluntary simplicity" and the always perceptive (and hilarious) cartoon commentary of R. Crumb. (Quarterly/\$8 per year, \$2.50 and issue/Box 428, Sausalito, Calif. 94965)

Dollars and Sense is the first periodical about economics I've ever been able to read. It explains in clear lay language mysteries such as the GNP, the economics of Carter's energy package and the whys and wherefores of inflation. Articles are well researched, footnoted and written from a nonsectarian leftist point of view. (Monthly/\$5 a year, 50¢ an issue/324 Somerville Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02143)

East West Journal is a handsome magazine devoted to macrobiotic diet and nutrition, but you needn't be a devotee to find nourishment there. In addition to bountiful recipes and personal spiritual travelogues, *EWJ* has recently offered in-depth pieces on the politics of cancer, the demographics of world hunger and a challenging essay on disturbing parallels between the American counterculture and the back-to-nature romanticism of Nazi youth. (Monthly/\$10 a year. \$1 an issue/PO Box 305, Dover, N.J. 07801)

The Guardian is the best-known, established leftist newspaper in America. Frequently criticized for subtly pushing its own line by its allies on the left, the *Guardian* is valuable nevertheless for its comprehensiveness — its labor reportage, analysis of domestic political issues and dispatches from socialist and third world countries, particularly those of Wilfred Burdett, one of the world's pre-eminent foreign correspondents. (Weekly/\$17 a year, 50¢ an issue/W. 17th St., N.Y., NY 10011)

A nonsectarian leftist review of film, *Jumpcut* is equally at home dissecting Hollywood properties and providing a critical overview of socialist cinema. Literate consideration of the American radical documentary tradition, early Soviet cinema and the ideological underpinnings of *Jaws* have anchored recent issues, and the use of film as a consciousness-raising and organizing tool is a repeated concern. (Quarterly/\$4 for six issues, 75¢ an issue/PO Box 865, Berkeley, Calif. 94701)

Majority Report is a feminist paper with a sense of humor that doesn't become coy or forced or compromise the essential seriousness of its material. Recent issues have focussed on the dangers of the DES pill, tracked the FBI's surveillance of the women's movement and included reviews of films and books of interest to feminists. (Biweekly/\$5 a year, 50¢ an issue/74 Grove St., NY, NY 10014)

As its name implies, *Science for the People* seeks to "demystify" supposedly value-free science and technology by exposing its corporate sponsors and advocating ways science can better serve the public interest. One recent issue explored the ties that bind the AMA to the giants of the pharmaceutical industry, while another outlined the control of America's food supply by agribusiness. (Bi-monthly/Subs according to income, \$1 and issue/897 Main St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139)

A magazine of encyclopedic scope and appreciable depth, *Southern Exposure* takes as its subject matter all aspects of Southern culture, past and present. In beautifully realized book-length treatments of music, labor, religion, patterns of land use and ownership and the roles of women in the South, *SE* comes as close as a publication can to mapping the elusive inner workings of cultural life. Its blend of photography, poetry, bibliographies, investigative reporting and oral history makes this a regional publication of national interest. (Quarterly/\$8 a year, \$2.50 an issue/PO Box 230, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514)

Y'Bird is the new magazine anthology of multicultural writing from Ishmael Reed and Al Young's small press of the same name. Mixing poems and graphics, essays and stories, new writers with pros, *Y'Bird* has a many-sided immediacy that's hard to match. Issue one (October) features work by poet Ntozake Shange, Frank Chin and others. Playwright Amiri Baraka and poet Diane DiPrima are among those coming up. (Three times yearly/No subs, \$4.95 an issue/2140 Shattuck Ave., Rm. 311, Berkeley, Calif. 94704)

Footnote: A brand new publication called *The New Periodicals Index* provides valuable subject-author indexing to nearly 70 alternative periodicals, including several of the above, twice a year. A bit steep for individuals at \$25 a year, it makes a useful addition to libraries. From Mediaworks, PO Box 4497, Boulder, Colo. 80306.

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Recreation

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By Fred Ferretti

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Ferretti makes it all current in his newest book of games to play with little equipment beyond the imagination. What a world of fantasy, scheming, grandeur, bitter loss and heady conquest this is! Explicit directions for Pottsie (in diagram, with variations), instructions for Russia (one sidewalk-wall game, another being the devilish handball), Mumblety-Peg, Errors, Running Bases.

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Robert Aaron and Jeb Brady

"The Gloater," "The Sulker," "The Hothead," "The Cheater" and other members of that appalling species to be found on the opposite side of a tennis court are exposed in these humorous full-page illustrations and descriptions. One of the best ways to confront any one of these "enemies" would be to give this book as a gift with the appropriate page marked. (64 pages, 8 1/4 x 11, \$2.95 perfectbound)

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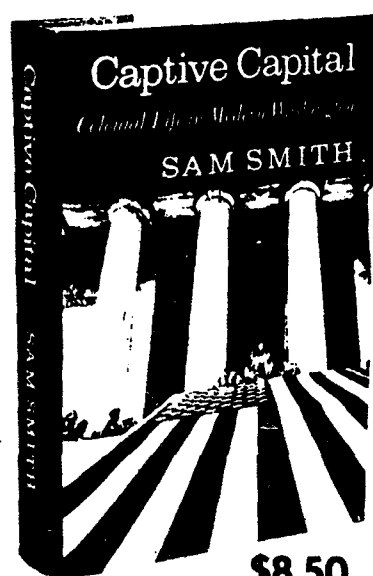
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Here's what people have been saying about Gazette editor Sam Smith's book about local Washington:

Could be an excellent gift for any friend just moving to town. Or any friend who has managed to live here for sometime without learning anything about Washington. . . . Sam Smith's is one of the few efforts I have seen that manages to deal with black people and white people without insulting either." — WILLIAM RASPBERRY, WASHINGTON POST

It is absolutely 'must' reading for all who are interested in this city's history, its political or private life — JAMES TINNEY, WASHINGTON AFRO-AMERICAN

Smith's book is a joy to read — ROBERT CASSIDY, CHICAGO TRIBUNE

METROPOLITAN AREA TENNIS AND GOLF GUIDE, 1977 EDITION

Ellen Lux, editor

Whether you are a die-hard sports fan or you need to exercise to take off excess tonage, the 1977 MATGG has all you need to know on activities and facilities. In addition to golf and tennis, there is also info on racquetball, ice skating, bicycling, basketball, etc. There are also feature articles on the Bullets, Caps, Redskins, Forest Hills, the Masters Tournament, and much more.

141 pages, 6 x 9, \$2.00 perfectb'nd

CAPITAL FEASTS: The Menu Guide to Washington Area Restaurants

Janet Staihar and Richard Barnes

1977 guide to the menus of the top restaurants in the area. With notes on open hours, decor, house specials and other features.

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MARION EIN AND ALICE SHABECOFF

Living in a large city like Washington isn't easy, but this comprehensive index can sure make it easier. Its entries range from recreational programs and activities through services and agencies. Each entry lists the agency name, address, phone number, and description of its service. Whether you live in Washington or are just passing through, this is an indispensable guide to the pleasures and opportunities of living in the nation's capital.

350 pages, 5½ x 8½, \$4.50 perfectb'nd

LUCE
PUBLISHING

FIXING CARS A PEOPLE'S PRIMER

Rick Greenspan, Lowell Turner, Ann Wagner, et. al.

FIXING CARS will tell you "how-to" and a whole lot more. The people who wrote it learned the hard way themselves and then set out to share the experience. After an informative introduction there is an in depth discussion of Woman and Cars. Next, "The Politics of Cars," which pulls together such things as auto history, planned obsolescence, auto companies, advertising and culture, and a bibliography.

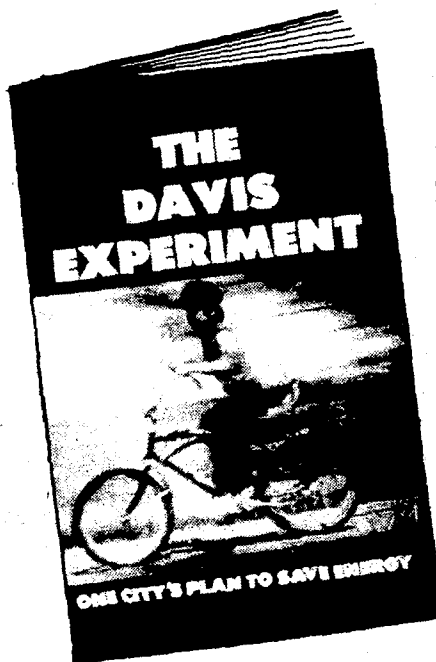
And now the crunch. Section three—How a Car Works. This chapter covers a car system by system, step-by-step and is clearly explained and illustrated. There is also

a chapter on "Tools"—what they are, what they do, what you need. Right down the line—each section complete—what you need to know, told straight and told well.

The style and format of FIXING CARS is reminiscent of John Muir's HOW TO KEEP YOUR VOLKSWAGEN ALIVE—and, while not as technical as the VW book, it may prove as valuable a tool for the inexperienced mechanic.

\$5.00

The Davis Experiment



The Elements has published a special report on the Davis, Cal., energy conservation program. The study tells how the program works and how Davis put it together. Planning drawings, photos, ordinances, and other basic documents are included in the 72-page report.

Price: \$2

The Urban Reader

I FEEL I SHOULD WARN YOU: A very funny collection of cartoons about urban planning and preservation issues, culled from national publications. \$4

POWER TO THE TEACHER: Teachers across the country are organizing. The story of the teacher union movement.

40% off at \$2.37

UNDERGROUND: Did you ever wonder what went on under the streets you walk? In clear text and with beautiful drawings, David Macaulay explains. This is a book that youngsters and adults will like. Complete with a section on how a subway is built. By the author of "Cathedral" and "City." 20% off list price at \$7.15

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE SINCE 1780: A GUIDE TO THE STYLES: When a friend showed us this exceptionally clear, well illustrated and informative book, we immediately added it to our list. It's hard to learn so much about American architecture for less. List: \$15. Our price: \$10.50

ENERGY BOOKS

YOUR ENERGY-EFFICIENT HOUSE: BUILDING AND REMODELING IDEAS

Anthony Adams

Here is the homeowner's manual to drastically reducing fuel bills by not wasting the free energy around you. 120 pages, 8 x 10, \$4.95 perfectb'nd

THE SOLAR HOME BOOK: Heating, Cooling and Designing with the Sun

Bruce Anderson with Michael Riordan

The first book to deal honestly with the drawbacks and blessings of home solar heating and cooling. Simple yet complete, with a wealth of photographs, drawings and diagrams, it's the book for homeowners, tradespeople, designers, apartment dwellers, and all interested in energy options. Allows anyone to build with the sun.

"...the best book on solar energy I've seen to date."—Richard Stepler—POPULAR SCIENCE

"This is among the best of the new books on solar energy as a viable alternative energy source for homeowners."—LIBRARY JOURNAL
297 pages, 11 x 8 1/2, \$7.50 perfectb'nd

DESIGNING AND BUILDING A SOLAR HOME

Donald Watson

This book is not a philosophical discussion of the promise of solar energy. It is a practical "how-to" manual which brings together basic house design and the solar heating systems available now to work with your design. Donald Watson will help you build the house you want, at the cost you anticipate, with a continuous solar energy source.

160 pages, 8 x 11, \$8.95 perfectb'nd

VOLUNTEERS IN ASIA APPROPRIATE TECHNOLOGY SOURCEBOOK

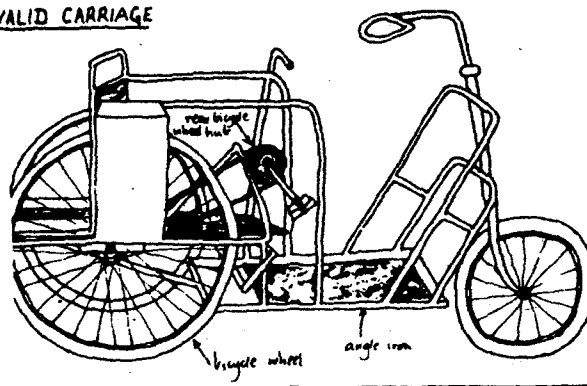
A Guide to Practical Books and Plans for Village and Small Community Technology

Ken Darrow and Rick Pam

Written specifically with non-experts in mind, this sourcebook identifies existing plans for small-scale technology. Dozens of tools, books and techniques for food production, crop storage, home construction, health care, energy sources, etc. are outlined and reviewed in this comprehensive sourcebook which is a newly updated and expanded edition. Illustrated with drawings and photographs.

304 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, \$4.00 perfectb'nd

INVALID CARRIAGE



LAUGHING WITH JIMMY

Robert R. Harding and
Jerome T. Smith, editors

Despite rumors to the contrary, Jimmy Carter does have a sense of humor. Through stories, anecdotes and quotes, LAUGHING WITH JIMMY reveals a warm, loving man with a quick, dry, sense of humor.

101 pages, 4 1/4 x 7, \$1.50 perfectb'nd

ACTION NOTES

THE HOUSE SUBCOMMITTEE ON THE CITY has published a transcript of its hearings on how small grant programs can make a difference to a city. Preservationists and other urban activists may find it useful. From the Government Printing Office or contact Rep. Henry Reuss.

CASCADE is an attractive and useful new journal of the Northwest, published by the Cascadian Regional Library, 454 Willamette St., Eugene, Or. 97401.

THE PUBLIC EYE is a new quarterly journal published by the Repression Information Project. The first issue deals with the National Caucus of Labor Committees and US Labor Party and is available for \$1.50 from RIP, PO Box 3278 DC 20010.

THE FEMINIST ALLIANCE AGAINST RAPE (Box 21033, DC 20009) publishes a newsletter that is available to individuals for \$6 a year.

SINGLE SPARK FILMS (PO Box 40043, San Francisco, CA) is distributing a 16-minute color film about the fight against eviction at the International Hotel, a battle over tenants' rights that gained nationwide attention. The film can be rented for \$10.

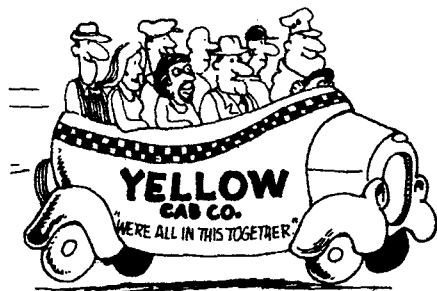
CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING SERVICE provides eight hours of recorded articles from major magazines for the benefit of those with sight problems. A special record player for these discs can be obtained on a loan basis from the Library of Congress. Write Choice at 14 Maple St., Port Washington, NY 11050.

THE CLAMSHELL ALLIANCE IS planning another major occupation of the Seabrook, NH, nuclear site on June 24th. The last demonstration attracted more than 1800 protesters. You can contact the Clamshell coordinators in Montague, Mass., at 413-863-4754 or in Portsmouth, NH, at 603-436-5414.

FRIENDSHIPMENT has sent 2,000 tons of medical supplies and other goods to Vietnam. Its address is 777 UN Plaza, NYC NY 10017.

THE TROJAN DECOMMISSIONING ALLIANCE is another group protesting nuclear power. Last month, a District Court jury in Saint Helens, Oregon, acquitted 96 anti-nuclear demonstrators who had participated in two sit-in demonstrations at the Trojan plant. Part of their defense was based on an Oregon statute which exempts citizens from observing laws which, if obeyed, could endanger public welfare. The jury stopped short of terming the plant an "imminent danger," but ruled that the Portland Gas and Electric Company, owners of the plant, did not have the authority to order the demonstrators away. The alliance's leaders termed the verdict a major victory. The alliance can be reached at 503-0231-0014.

COORS BREWERY admits its sales have dropped off about 5% nationwide as a result of protests against its anti-union practices. In some communities, Coors says, sales are down 25%. And the Texas Observer reports that in Austin, a city with considerable boycott activity, monthly sales dropped from 99,000 cases to 55,000.



A GROUP OF UNEMPLOYED TAX DRIVERS in San Francisco are about to take over the bankrupt Yellow Cab Company — as a cooperative. In a politically complicated struggle, they were forced to make a deal with a competing bidder who was an ally of Mayor George Moscone. The new Yellow Co-op gets 250 taxi permits and 400 cabs.

THE AMERICAN PAPER INSTITUTE says that only 25% of all papers are recycled and that many of the 252 recycling mills in the country will have to close down if recycling does not increase.

SELF-RELIANCE (1717 18th St. NW, DC), has published a useful legal report on the question "Can States and Cities go into business." It's in the November-December issue. Among other things it includes this comment that Justice Brandeis made from the Supreme Court:

"The State's power to apply discriminatory taxation as a means of preventing domination of intrastate commerce by capitalistic corporations is not conditioned upon the existence of economic need. It flows from the broader rights of Americans to preserve, and to establish from time to time, such institutions, social and economic, as seem to them desirable; and, likewise, to end those which they deem undesirable. The State might, if conditions warranted, subject giant corporations to a control similar to that now exerted over private utility companies. Or, citizens . . . might conceivably escape from the domination of giant corporations by having the State engage in business."

THE PRESERVATION T-SHIRT: The Preservation Resources Center, 823 Perdido Street (#200), New Orleans, La. 70112 is selling a T-shirt in standard sizes that reads "Preservationists keep it up longer." \$5.

THE UNITED STATES CONFERENCE OF Mayors has released a study that shows that during an average action show on TV, nine deadly weapons appear. Averages ranged from a high of 20.3 on "Hawaii-Five-O" to a low of 2 on "Switch." The study also found that 83% of the bullets fired missed their target. Says John Gunther, executive director of the conference, "The presence of so many weapons leading to such few injuries creates a gap that suggests that firearms are less harmful than they actually are." Copies of the report can be obtained for \$2 from the conference at 1620 Eye St. NW, room 509, DC 20006.

ALTERNATIVES is an organization designed to encourage voluntary simplicity. They put out an Alternative Celebrations Catalogue, a newsletter and run an alternative bookstore. You can find out more by writing them at 1924 E. Third St., Bloomington Indiana 47401.

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APPLE PIE

An American Report

NOTES FROM THE REAL WORLD

WALTER CAVANAGH is reportedly holding the world's record for credit card collecting. The Santa Clara, California man claims to have collected 867 credit cards in his name and, he says, "I have about 300 application forms at home, so I should reach 1000 cards next year."

The 34-year-old pharmacy manager reports he can charge gasoline at 43 different brands of stations and charge flights with 223 separate airlines. He even claims to have one credit card from Reno made of sterling silver.

The credit card freak says he got into the collecting hobby six years ago when he and a friend made a bet on which of them could get the most cards in three months. Cavanagh won, and has been filling out applications ever since.

Incidentally, Cavanagh, who claims his credit cards entitle him to more than \$1 million in real credit, pays for everything in cash.

A NEW YORK COMPANY has announced plans to begin writing advertising messages on clouds.

Laser Physics claims it has perfected a laser beam technique that permits words to be emblazoned on clouds at night — remaining fully visible even during a rainstorm. A company representative says that individual words can be as large as two miles square, depending on the height of the cloud cover.

The Village Voice, which broke the story, says that one night's fee for your message on clouds above a major city runs about \$5000.

BUCKMINSTER FULLER predicts that political decisions in the distant future will be made on the basis of orbiting satellites picking of human thought patterns.

In an interview with *U.S. News and World Report*, Fuller says: "We've discovered that a human being gives off an electromagnetic field that can show whether a person is positive or negative about a subject."

He continues: "Satellite sensors going around the world will be able to pick up each and every person's magnetic field and determine how the majority of humanities feels about a given proposition. It will be possible," Fuller says, "to ask big questions and get immediate total-humanity reactions. Using such a system, a continuing true majority of society will be gradually solving its own problems."

TOP-SECRET FEDERAL COURT PAPERS — detailing in simple language how terrorists could use plutonium to

poison everyone inside New York's World Trade Center — have accidentally been available to the public for the past two years.

The *New York Post* reports that the scientific papers were included in a thick folder in a public documents room of a New York courthouse. The top-secret reports were supposed to be sealed by court order, but apparently were placed accidentally in the wrong files where the public could easily read them.

The papers were prepared as part of a suit filed two years ago by New York State engineers. The reports explained how terrorists could take minute amounts of stolen plutonium and then enter specific ventilation towers of the World Trade Center and poison the air. About 6500 people



work in the Trade Center building each day.

The papers outline one method for building a home-made atomic bomb. *The Post* reports that a federal judge has now sealed the documents, and has requested an investigation into what went wrong.

WE'RE ALWAYS HEARING about today's high crime rates, but a Michigan University professor who has just finished poring over official court records from 13th century England reports that the murder rates in most British counties and cities were higher than those in modern America.

Professor James Given says he has found, for example, that the murder rate in 13th Century Kent, England, was 23 victims per 100,000 people, compared to a mere 9.7 per 100,000 today in America.

The biggest difference Given found between today and the old days was the type of murder weapon employed. Today, of course, guns are the most common weapons. Records from seven centuries ago reveal that knives were used in 30 percent of the murder cases; axes, another 14 percent; and large stones in four percent.

A COLORADO COURT has ruled that a person's right to stare at someone else is protected by the Constitution.

The ruling was handed down in the case of a 35-year-old former University of Colorado student, Richard Lazar, who was arrested by police after women in the student Union complained that Lazar had been staring at them.

Lazar was booked on misdemeanor charges of improper conduct and banned from the Colorado campus. However, he took his case to court, stating that all he ever did to other people was stare at them, perhaps indiscreetly at times.

The Court agreed that simple staring is a form of expression protected by the Constitution, and dismissed the charges against Lazar.

HEALTH NOTES

A RESEARCH TEAM AT THE UNIVERSITY of California at Irvine is reporting that "sodium nitrate," a chemical widely used in meats as a preservative, produces amnesia in rats and mice.

Doctor Joel Martinez says his study raises significant questions about the chemical's effects on humans.

The doctor reports that two groups of rats were trained not to go along certain paths in a maze because of the risk of electric shocks. One group was then given nothing. While a second was given low doses of sodium nitrite.

Doctor Martinez says that while 50 percent of the normal group remembered how to avoid the shocks, only 20 percent of those given sodium nitrite were able to do so.

Sodium nitrite, which is com-

monly found in red-colored sandwich meats, is also suspected of being a cancer-causing agent.

AMERICANS ARE GETTING FATTER. This is the conclusion based on two federal government studies taken between the years 1960 and 1962 — and then again, 12 years later.

The studies found that in the early 1960's, the average adult woman tipped the scales at 140 pounds. Later, in the '70's, she weighed 143 pounds, or three pounds heavier.

Men, the studies found, weighed an average of 166 pounds, in the 1960's. In the 1970's, however, they had, on the average, added six more pounds to their bodies.

THE Director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse suggests

that tobacco may be more addicting than heroin.

According to Doctor Robert Dupont, two-thirds of the people who try tobacco get hooked on cigarettes, a much higher percentage of addiction than for either heroin or barbiturates.

Says Dupont: "There are substantial benefits to be gained from thinking about tobacco use as an addictive disorder."

ECOCLIPS

A NEW REPORT compiled by the state of Vermont concludes that Vermonters have enjoyed enormous economic and social benefits by outlawing throw-away beverage containers throughout that state.

The study says that Vermont's required five-cent deposit on all beverage containers has reduced the state's roadside litter pick-up effort by 56 percent because there is less trash to collect.

It adds that beverages sold in refillable containers rather than throw-aways cost consumers less money, saving the average Vermont family about \$60 a year. State officials also calculate that about 708 billion B-T-U's of energy are conserved by the law because throw-away bottles are no longer being made for there.

A MEDICAL expert on pulmonary disease says that twenty percent of the uranium miners who work in Colorado's plateau country will eventually die from lung cancer.

Doctor William Rom of the University of Utah's medical center says the cancer danger to the plateau's 5000 mine workers comes from radon gas in the mine tunnels. This gas, which affects the lungs, cannot be adequately ventilated out of the mines, Rom says. As a result, he says, one out of every five will succumb to cancer of the lung.

AD RATES

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\$2 per column inch
\$22.50 per quarter page
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\$90.00 per page

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\$1 per column inch
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\$45.00 per page

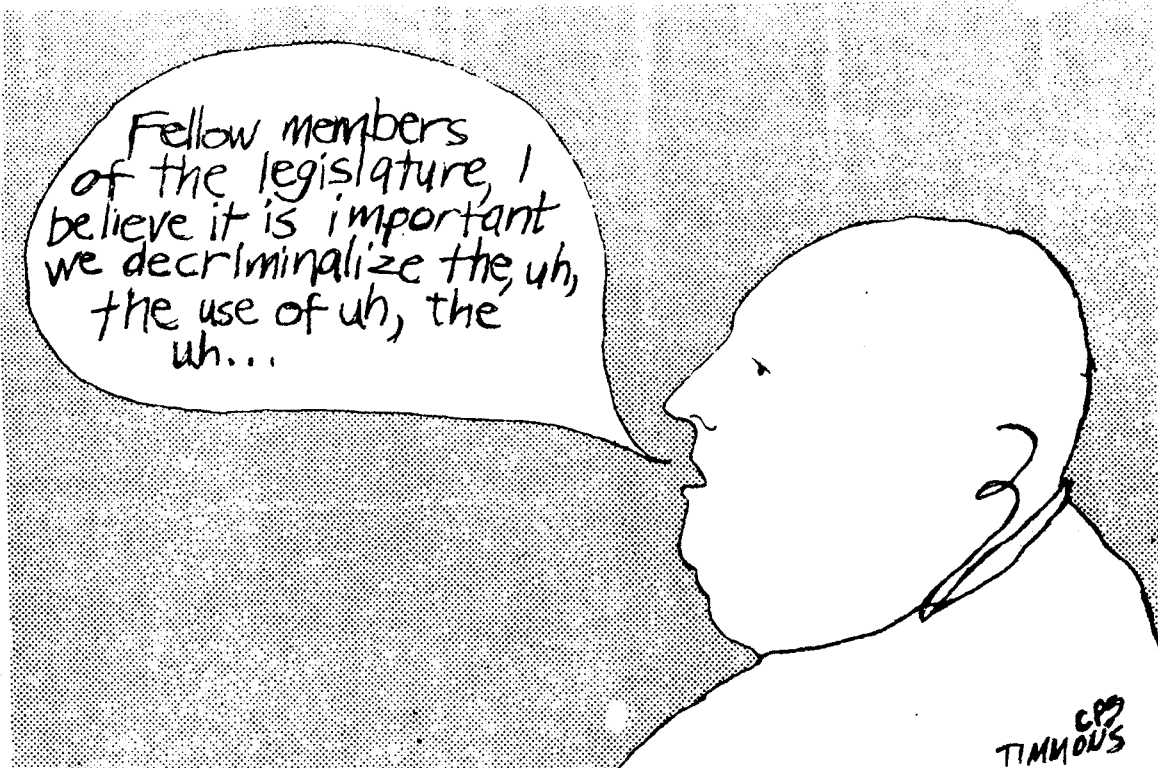
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THE OTHER GOVERNMENT

PHOTO ANALYSTS with the Canadian Defense Department have reportedly determined that important photographs in the John Kennedy assassination case were doctored or forged.

The Canadian Broadcast Corporation says that it recently submitted to photo experts copies of the famous photographs of alleged assassin Lee Harvey Oswald. Oswald is shown in the photos, standing in his backyard, holding a rifle and leftist newspapers with a pistol strapped to his side.

The CBC program, "Fifth Estate," reports that Department of Defense photo technologists have concluded the photos are forgeries. The photo experts are said to have found shadows on Oswald's face which are at differing angles from shadows in the rest of the photos, indicating that Oswald's head may have been superimposed over someone else's body.

The apparently incriminating pictures were reportedly found by Dallas police just hours after Oswald was arrested in Dallas. Oswald who was shot to death 36 hours later, was quoted by the Warren Commission as having told police he would prove in court that the photos were forgeries.

The Warren Commission, however, accepted the photographs as incriminating evidence against Oswald; and *Life* magazine later published one of the pictures on its cover.

OF WOMEN

HUMAN BEHAVIOR magazine reports that studies by researchers in St. Louis, show women criminals in that city to be twice as likely to be judged both insane and incompetent to stand trial as their male counterparts.

Doctors Marijan Herjanic and Robert H. Vanderpearl based their study on records dating back to

1952 on all St. Louis offenders who underwent psychiatric examinations.

The researchers found that while man offenders outnumbered women nine to one, male behavior was more likely to be judged as merely anti-social. Women, on the other hand, were more commonly diagnosed as schizophrenic.

A STUDY sponsored by the Kentucky Fried Chicken chain and *Ladies Home Journal* magazine has found that housewives are not exactly "Finger Lickin'" happy about their lot in life.

The survey polled 300 housewives in six major cities around the country. Ninety percent of them believe their status is low, while fifty percent do not believe their status is likely to change.

The study's sponsors reported that the women interviewed repeatedly said they wanted reforms in laws, property rights and social security benefits. In addition, 85 percent said they believe the government should make child care facilities available and affordable to those who need them.

One housewife was quoted as saying: "We are not dancing around with our laundry detergent or singing the praises of the latest instant mashed potatoes."

All of the women, the survey found, would like to be able to have activities outside their homemaking responsibilities, while 80 percent reportedly added they would encourage their daughters to seek careers outside the home.

THE WORLDWATCH INSTITUTE, an international research group which monitors global problems, is out with a study which contends that worldwide birth rates will fall only if women are treated equally in all societies.

Kathleen Newland, author of the report and a senior researcher with the institute, says a survey of most countries indicates that women who have access to education and rewarding jobs have fewer children than otherwomen.

flotsam & jetsam

NOW the Honorable Gary Kopff can get all the phone calls. My term as a neighborhood commissioner has expired and Gary has been elected to succeed me. Gary is a real grassroots politician. He didn't decide to get into the race until three days before the election and then easily defeated two other write-in candidates.

No one had petitioned to be on the ballot. Perhaps it was because politicians are not in vogue these days, especially ones that get no pay, little power and a lot of work. Perhaps it was because the petition period neatly bracketed Labor Day, with some potential candidates winding up vacation and others more concerned with finding new high tops for Wilbur than fighting city hall. Perhaps it was because the neighborhood had gotten lazy and so self-absorbed that even what was happening down the street didn't matter that much. Perhaps it was the reverse, that the neighborhood was so busy — surviving, advancing, doing other things — that there wasn't time.

Perhaps all that. But something more, too. Perhaps because the neighborhood was still not accustomed to the idea that it might be possible for politics to be as accessible to the urban voter as it is to the resident of Livermore Falls. Washington DC's two year-old advisory neighborhood commissions represent a unique counter-trend in American politics, away from the century-long growth of political institutions isolated from constituencies — city governments made unwieldy by consolidations and rising population, a ballooning federal government intruding increasingly into local affairs and the development of regional agencies controlling such matters as transportation and sanitation which have transferred the local franchise to a new elite of administrators and planners. In 1816, Columbus, Ohio, had one city councilman for every hundred residents. By 1840 the figure was one per thousand; by 1872 it was one per five thousand; a hundred years later it was one per 55,000. Before the neighborhood commissions, the lowliest elected official in DC represented 90,000 people. I was chosen to serve 2000.

By contemporary American urban standards, having a politician represent only 2000 people is a radical idea. Two hundred and one years after it all many still find the thought that democracy can be trusted to people a scary one. And the traditional politicians find it worse. We were, they grumbled at city hall, "another layer of bureaucracy," and the papers from time to time picked up the theme, ignoring the obvious point that we weren't bureaucrats at all, that we didn't get enough money to establish a bureaucracy if we wanted to, and in fact were able to spend less per capita on our neighborhoods than some of the more conventional politicians had spent per voter on their campaigns.

Out in the neighborhoods, the new commissions met with enthusiasm in some quarters and indifference in others. Some of them deserved the enthusiasm, some the indifference, but during the past two years I didn't have much chance to check out which was which among the thirty-six commissions around the city. I was too busy with my own.

It began the morning after I was elected. A congressman who lived nearby was on the phone: "Why hasn't my damn trash been picked up?" A good start, I thought.

A professional politician was taking me seriously. I spent a good part of the day trying to find out why his trash hadn't been picked up. I never did. The number was always either busy or ringing unanswered. The next morning I checked his driveway. The trashcans were gone. I called him. "Well, I see the trash got picked up." He never asked me whether I had anything to do with it. A good start, I thought. It had occurred to me before that successful politicians often managed to gain credit from serendipity.

My second problem was not so simple. Several homes had been flooded. The culprit was, at least in part, a conduit that fed water from a public playground behind a row of houses. At issue, it quickly became apparent, was the question of whose conduit it was: the city's or the property-owners. The city staunchly maintained that it was the property owners; I, as District Seven commissioner, just as staunchly maintained it was the city's and that the government should pay for the damage.

Neither side could produce proof for their argument. That was lost in the mists of history. But the difference was that to win I needed the proof; city hall merely needed to say no. The letters flowed back and forth, lawyers were visited, engineers appeared. I alerted the press to what I called the "Macomb Street Flood Disaster area," but nothing happened, except for the cracking of walls and sinking of foundations. I recalled that Richard Neustadt had spoken of the power of the presidency as being primarily the power to persuade; I was quickly learning that the power of a neighborhood commissioner was only the power to persuade.

The neighborhood commissions had been established at the same time Congress gave DC the right to elect a mayor and city council. The prospective candidates for these offices had not taken kindly to the prospect of wild-card politicians playing on their new turf and had campaigned quietly to have the commission section removed from the home rule legislation. But Rep. Donald Fraser of that eminently sensible state of Minnesota had prevailed with his bill, noting that it was not likely that the newly elected city government would voluntarily share its power with the neighborhoods if it were left to it to decide. The enabling legislation was quite broad, but in coming up with the operating rules, the city council and the mayor managed to restrict the commissions to the power to advise the government on actions that would affect their neighborhoods, spend a limited amount of money for limited purposes and not raise more than \$100 from any unappropriated source without the approval of the council.

For someone who had long believed that urban neighborhoods should be granted semi-autonomous powers, I found the law excessively timid, but consoled myself

with the thought that for once people in were ahead of the rest of the nation in something, the first major city with elected, funded neighborhood commissions. Besides, the commissioners were elected by single-member district and, if they acted with a certain amount of political sagacity, could make their knowledge and influence in these small districts a base of unlegislated power; they could become, in effect, non-partisan precinct leaders, beholden to a machine or to the politicians at city hall. The ward and at-large officials had not had time to develop precinct machines and, with working neighborhood commissions in place, it might become difficult.

In our ward, the representative on the city council seemed to understand this from the start and instead of trying to control the commissions, worked with them, using them as an information source and constant referendum on ward opinion. It would have been more ego-satisfying for her to have controlled the commissions; but politically it made just as much sense to share the power. If you ask around the ward today, most will tell you that Polly Shackleton is unbeatable.

Lurking behind the commission idea is a principle eloquently laid down by Vito Marzullo, 25th Ward Alderman, in an interview with the Chicago Sun Times:

I ain't got no axes to grind. You can take all your news media and all the do-gooders in town and move them into my 25th ward, and do you know what would happen? On election day we'd beat you 15 to one. The mayor don't run the 25th ward. Neither does the media or the do-gooders. Me, Vito Marzullo. That's who runs the 25th Ward and on election day everybody does what Vito Marzullo tells them.

The prospect of 300 neighborhood Vito Marzullios telling people in their districts how to vote in ward and citywide races is a disturbing one to traditional politicians. Fortunately for them, the neighborhoods and their commissioners are so new to electoral politics that for the most part they have failed to recognize and use this implicit power. When the neighborhoods discover that they have it within their grasp to counter not only the large citywide special interest groups but the debilitating effect of the media on politics, conventional politics is in for a shock. Neighborhood government, it will be found, is not merely a new way of running neighborhoods, but a new way of running the city as well.

But that's all theory and when you're a working politician you don't have much time for theory. Back on 34th Place, they wanted parking stripes. I took a poll of the street to make sure, then petitioned the Department of Transportation. No problem. The parking stripes



THE 34TH ST. FREEWAY, A MAJOR CONSTITUENT CONCERN (Leonard Cohen photo)

appeared. Score one for neighborhood government.

Let's try a little harder situation: the traffic on 34th Street, a secondary arterial that divides our neighborhood with a steady flow of suburban commuters. It runs right by our elementary school and every so often a child gets hit. One morning a car jumped the curb at 34th & Newark, ran right over the spot where the mercifully absent school safety patrol should have been standing, bounded off a stone wall, back across the street and into a neighbor's elegantly aging Volvo. Distress at the corner; anger. Then the next day another accident. The now not so elegantly aging Volvo was struck again. I checked with the school safety police officer who produced a computer printout that showed there had been about two dozen accidents at that and near-by corners in the past year. Called up Transportation. Met two engineers early one morning at the corner. They produced a chart that showed (at least it did to them) why traffic could not go slower than 30 miles an hour in a fifteen-mile-per-hour school zone. More letters. More accidents. A call from the chair of our commission's transportation committee saying that the Transportation Department had reviewed its files on the situation and decided the corner was not sufficiently accident-prone to warrant action. Hung up the phone and went to the store. Couldn't cross 34th Street. The corner was blocked by an ambulance and two smashed cars. Neighborhood government, I thought, means using your eyes instead of your files. Score one for the old way.

As time went on, I stopped trying so hard to be an ombudsman. It was a role my constituents expected of me, but both they and I tended to forget that, as an individual, I had little more power than they. When I called to get the ice cleared off an alley, my complaint was merely added to the list of other citizen calls. There were a few exceptions, but on the whole it was only when the commission acted as a body that we made any impression.

My main function on the commission was as chair of the education, recreation and agriculture committee. (This latter role I had insisted upon after I discovered that we had over 200 garden plots in the commission area — more arable land, I claimed, than any other commission in the city — and that I was supposed to mediate a particularly sticky dispute involving the use of some of these plots on public land.)

The tasks I faced ranged from trying to make sure the school system didn't close any of our neighborhood schools to the Golden Gate Wall Controversy — or the GWHW as it came to be known in our discussions. The school problem was a minor one compared with the wall, a 17' high, 40' long cinderblock apparition that had suddenly turned up on the Hearst playground, obstructing the view of the center for the people across the street. The wall and accompanying fence and asphalt playing surface was, we learned, a tennis backboard area that the Recreation Department had built with funds from the federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation. The department had not consulted anyone before mounting the wall; when the power's downtown you don't have to. But within a few days of its erection, over a hundred signatures had been collected from the immediate neighborhood demanding its removal along with the fence and asphalt surface. Not only was it unsightly, but the neighbors complained the fenced-in area would block a favored sledding slope.

Word soon drifted back to us at the commission that if we would vote to tear down the wall, the recreation department would have it down in 24 hours. This was stunning news and a challenge we could not fail to accept. We voted to tear down the wall and it did, with a slight time overrun, fall.

At this point, the tennis players became organized. They presented us with a petition with over a hundred names demanding that the wall be put back up. Meetings were organized, proxy votes collected, and venom volleyed across the community's court. I was called to one session that included representatives of the warring factions as well as a sizable delegation from the Recreation Department; the session lasted four hours and solely concerned the backboard. It was painful and tiring. But out of it came a compromise. Tennis players and neighbors would go along with a sound-proofed wooden backboard, situated at a ninety-degree angle from the offending monster with no fence around the playing surface so the kids could still sled, if with more difficulty. Everyone gave up something but when the matter came to the commission for a vote, with it was a petition signed by over 100 tennis players in support of the compromise. I couldn't recall from my observations of more significant city controversies an occasion when people had petitioned for a compromise.

I retired with my fellow commissioners for our usual post-meeting reflections at the Zebra Room. I was happy. Not just because a compromise had been worked out, but because perhaps a few more people understood how differently things could happen if they were decided by the people directly concerned. Downtown the sheer use of political power is standard operating procedure; in a neighborhood it doesn't work so well for even the weakest person in the neighborhood has power — if only to destroy or hurt. And the concept of neighborhood is based on the antithesis of bullying power; it implies sharing, cooperation, negotiation and compromise. Even when we found ourselves in a bitter fight with the National Cathedral over the disposition of seven acres of largely open space that it owned, an agreement was eventually achieved, because big as that institution was it too knew the language of cooperation and compromise.

I'm glad we saved that open space, that the Recreation Department has agreed to build the new wall in the right place and of the right materials, that Hearst School got a reprieve, that we were able to help get the city to reopen a food stamp office it had precipitously closed, that the curbs have been cut back down the block so you can turn the the corner without running into the oncoming traffic, that we'll be getting a new neighborhood park, that we were able to fund a community-drafted long-range neighborhood plan, that we perhaps helped slow the flood of development, that we were able to buy textbooks for our schools when the downtown system ran out of money, and that the planes from National Airport won't be flying over our neighborhood. That's all good and — if the power-hoggers at city hall and in Congress don't starve or legislate the neighborhood commissions away — there will be more to come. But I'm gladdest, I think, that those on the commissions could participate in politics that was conscientious, unassuming and productive, the kind that you get when you keep politicians within walking distance of their constituents. The kind you get when pressure is neighbors demanding you vote against a license for an Irish bar when you'd rather be in it, when a special interest group is a bunch of irate tennis players, when you know you've made a mistake because the guy across the street tells, you, and when the whole business is treated not as a career for a few individuals, but an institution for everyone. — SAM SMITH

OUR LEGACY IN VIETNAM

THE UNITED STATES military has been forced out of Vietnam, but its legacy lives on in the form of battered countryside and probable increases in the incidence of birth defects and cancer.

According to an article in the new publication *Politics and Other Human Interests*, the incidence of liver cancer in Vietnam has risen 400 percent in the last ten years as a result of the US policy of chemical defoliation.

The findings by Ton That Tung, a professor of medicine at the Viet-Duc Hospital in Hanoi, were brought back to the United States by Arthur Galston, a professor of botany at Yale University who recently returned from a month-long visit to Vietnam.

According to Galston, saturation spraying of the defoliant agent Orange has left a residue of approximately 550 pounds of its poisonous component TCDD, distributed throughout the countryside. Research on animals has linked TCDD to both cancer and birth deformities. And in Vietnam as early as 1969, newspapers were reporting birth deformities including a baby with three legs and another born with two heads.

But these biological effects are not the only legacy of the US defoliation program, which dropped more than 100 million pounds of chemical defoliants on Vietnam during the war as part of a more general policy of "forced urbanization" of the peasant population. In addition to forcing hundreds of

thousands of people into the already overcrowded cities and squalid military camps, the defoliants destroyed large reaches of farmland and forest, poisoning the water supply and cutting rice production at a time when malnutrition and a variety of related nutritional diseases had already become serious health problems.

The agricultural system, Galston reports, has never fully recovered from the damage done. The fishing industry has been virtually crippled. "The mangrove forests which were heavily sprayed, have been killed deadlier than a doornail... When the mangroves go, as they have, so does a large percentage of the shellfish and fish..."

In addition, the lumber industry, especially critical at this point of reconstruction, remains decimated. Twenty to thirty percent of the total forest land has been badly damaged, with a smaller percentage permanently destroyed.

Despite all this, the United States has refused to participate in the reconstruction of Vietnam. In fact, the US has imposed a trade ban and Congress has said it intends to give Vietnam no aid, even through third parties like the World Bank.

"After World War II, we aided the Germans and the Japanese to rebuild," Galston remarks. "We ought to aid the Vietnamese to rebuild in the same way." (LMS)



TATE MILLER (LEFT) & BRUCE MAXWELL AT THE END OF THEIR RUN (N. Buratovich photo)

THE WORST RACE

If you're tired of marathons, try this

IT was just 8:30 am, but the distant mountains were already shimmering through the heat waves that rose from the floor of Death Valley. As I slapped Tate Miller's hand we exchanged places — he crawled out of the back of our support van and began running; I eased myself onto the mattress he had just vacated.

We had been going through this exchange ritual every half-hour since our 4 am departure from Badwater — a pond of scummy salt water that, at 270 feet below sea level, is the lowest point in the United States. Our destination was the 14,495-foot summit of Mt. Whitney, 144 road and trail miles away.

We planned to continue these relays, leap-frogging across 133 miles that included Death Valley, Panamint Valley, the intervening Panamint Mountains and the Eastern Sierra foothills, until the end of the road at Whitney Portals. From there, we would hike up the 11-mile Mt. Whitney trail together. All of this was to be done against the clock, running continuously from the 4 am start until we both touched the summit plaque.

This race course was first created and run in 1973 by English adventurer Ken Crutchlow and San Franciscan Pax Beale. Their time of 54 hours was the record until 1974, when Tate and I lowered it by three hours. It was our own record, which had stood for three years, that we were attempting to break.

Why put ourselves through such an ordeal?

For me ego is certainly a factor, but there is more. I find there are insights that come only with complete debilitation, when defensive mechanisms fall by the wayside as exhaustion approaches. And I crave and seek out the few unusual and untried physical exploits and tests that remain in the late 20th century.

But for now, our main concern was to get out of Death Valley before the sun rose high enough to saturate the still air with its August heat. During our half-hour shifts we were covering almost three-and-a-third miles by running a mile every nine minutes and five seconds. We ran on the road as it wound along the eastern side of the valley, following the contours of the mountain flanks that spilled onto the valley floor.

Death Valley has attracted adventur-

ers ever since it claimed the lives of early California settlers searching for a short cut to the gold fields. Looking westward across the valley, I saw miles of flat, dry, cracked mud. Intermittent sagebrush and occasional wooden crosses marking primitive gravesites offered the only respite from the glistening flatness until mountains, rising abruptly, defined the far side of the valley floor.

The temperature was rising as Tate and I continued our relayed running. At 10:23, when we completed the 42 miles to Stovepipe Wells, the ground temperature was 125 degrees. High, wispy cirrus clouds had helped filter the intensity of the sun.

It was my turn to run as we began to leave Death Valley by climbing over 4,956-foot Towne's Pass. My left ankle, broken twice within six months two years before, began to swell and throb. I made a mental note to take an aspirin along with the open-faced peanut butter and honey sandwich I was eating every other break. These gooey, calorie-rich sandwiches were to be the mainstay of my solid food diet during the run.

The road over the pass seemed to go on forever. Our pace slowed, but neither Tate nor I wanted to be the first to walk. The bond that grows between two people as they share an ordeal does not preclude competition; my ego and competitive drive kept me running as the grade steepened.

The 4,000-foot marker was just ahead as I climbed out of the van to begin another turn. My hands were so cramped I couldn't even squeeze a water-soaked sponge over my head. Knowing I'd never be able to run for my entire half hour, I suggest-

ted we begin 15-minute turns. Mercifully, Tate agreed.

A couple of shifts later, we finally made it over the crest. Reverting to half-hour shifts, Tate began to stretch out his stride as the road curved downward into Panamint Valley. Almost all our hard-earned elevation gain would be lost on the descent. During my shift my right knee, a chronic problem from an old skiing injury, could not take the punishment of descending on the steep asphalt and I was forced to walk.

With Tate running and me running/walking as my knee would allow, we limped into Panamint Springs at 3:15 pm — almost four hours ahead of our previous pace. The remainder would be all up hill, up to the summit of Mt. Whitney.

Climbing the meandering road into the Sierra foothills, Tate finally gave up trying to run his entire turn; he began to allow himself the luxury of walking 10 of his 30 minutes. Even though I was walking most of my turn, my condition was deteriorating fast — it was 90 degrees but I was shaking from chills. The cramps had spread from my hands, up my arms, across my shoulders, down my back and into my legs. It was an electrolyte imbalance, but I couldn't tell if I had taken too many potassium and sodium tablets or too few.

I stopped drinking Gatorade and switched to plain water. Nothing helped. I could only run for about 10 minutes before my entire body cramped and I collapsed. The support crew would lift me into the back of the van, while Tate got out and began running. He was running/walking his own shift and two-thirds of mine.

Tate, hoping that all I needed was time for my body to regain its electrolyte balance, offered to try to go for two straight hours. It worked. By 9 pm I felt much better and was able to take my two-hour turn.

Thus we went through the night, trading off every two hours. A crew member walked ahead of us with a flashlight clearing the road of snakes and scorpions. While walking, I tried to eat seedless grapes, but threw up. When I tried to drink grapefruit juice and threw that up, I went back to water.

We arrived in Lone Pine just before dawn — only 13 miles to go to Whitney Portals and then 11 miles up the mountain. Jogging past all of the darkened houses, I jealously imagined the inhabitants sleeping in warm, comfortable beds. My agony was incomprehensible to their resting bodies. But reflecting further, I realized that the joy I would feel at the summit was equally incomprehensible. Jealousy became pity and I increased my pace.

After a half-hour rest at Whitney Portals, we began hiking up the mountain at 8:45 am. The initial adrenalin-based rush of energy that propelled us up the lower part of the mountain soon dissipated. Fatigue, dizziness, nausea and the increasing altitude slowed our pace.

The 97 switchbacks that led up to the trail crest just below 14,000 feet required many rests. Above that it was a long traverse and then a scramble up loose rock. It was 3:50 pm when we staggered up to the summit plaque at 14,495 feet. Thirty-five hours and 50 minutes; we had beaten our record by 15 hours! We slapped hands and fell into an embrace.

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By Bruce Maxwell



JOHN RAY: SWINGING AT THE BIG ONES

JOHN RAY THE FOURTH DOG ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

THE PROPOSITION IS SIMPLE: there must be tens of thousands of voters out there who would just as soon *not* have to choose between Walter Washington, Sterling Tucker and Marion Barry.

There must also be several hundred people out there who could test this proposition, if they were so inclined, and make a reasonable, perhaps convincing case, that they would be a better mayor than any of the three, that they could offer more competence, more integrity, more imagination.

But politics is like professional wrestling, a charade of competition, a noisy, vigorous, entertaining, but deeply mock fight. To be sure, the participants must be tough and skillful and really do get hurt, but behind it all is a fix. The battle seems to be in the ring but in truth it's between the promoters, whose own gladiatorial triumphs depend largely on the manipulation of who gets behind the ropes and what they do while they are there. The struggle appears to be between grapplers over wrestlings, but it's really between promoters over money.

And so while our three "professional" contenders warm up with yanks at the ropes and ugly grunts at their opponents, those several hundred people out there who might have done it better say to hell with it. In their hearts they know it's not right.

There are exceptions. The crazies who look at politics as a Gong Show and could care less if even their one percent was cast out of distaste for someone else. The ideologists who know that it's more important for good ideas to win than good candidates. And the town's Republicans who can't believe they won't succeed one day.

But John Ray is none of these. And that is what makes his entry into the mayor's race (he was the first to announce formally) so remarkable. John Ray is not crazy; his ideology is reasonably mainstream; and he is a Democrat. He simply can't see why he wouldn't be just as good a mayor as any of those on the main card.

Given the general distemper over the quality of leadership in city hall, one might think that a candidate like Ray would rate more than the one-line slough-offs the Post and Star have given him in their coverage of the mayor's race so far. But then they're among the promoters and they're not about to let any 34-year old kid walk in off the street and into the ring.

Actually Ray hasn't exactly walked in off the street. He's clerked for people

like lawyer Abe Fortas and Judge Spottswood Robinson III. Then he went to work for Senator Phil Hart and the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee, rising to subcommittee counsel. After that he joined the Justice Department in the Office of Legal Counsel. Definitely not the credentials of a crazy.

But then daring to run for mayor as an unknown may be the only credentials you need. I tested out several hypotheses on Ray:

- You're running because you want to start a local practice: "If that were my motive I'd have joined a law firm long ago."

- You want to do the Cliff Alexander bit and get a big job in the Carter Administration: "If I were interested in a high position in government I'd have stayed where I was. Let's face it. People (in the federal government) are looking for blacks."

- You want to get your name known so you can make a run for the city council later: "I will not be running for city council. I think I could win Ward Six (his ward) very easily."

- Well, then you want to run to get your name known so you can run again next time for mayor and win: "One of the things that I would do if I'm not elected: I don't plan to run away. I plan to go again. And if I am elected mayor, I don't plan to make it a home."

Good. Now we're getting somewhere. A reasonable hypothesis as to why John Ray's doing what he's doing and why it's as reasonable as he seems to be.

The fact is that DC politics is filled to the top with politicians of one generation. If they didn't get arrested during the civil rights years (the DC council probably has the highest arrest record rate of any legislative body in the country) they were playing the respectable activist (Tucker) or the moderate (Washington) roles.

They remember DC when about the only person you could vote for was Frank Reeves for Democratic National Committeeman. When the appointed city council and the appointed commissioner checked with the White House before they moved a question or put out a news release. When they were either fighting the system or trying to nudge it as a token insider.

The only member of the city council who doesn't come out of that era is Arrington Dixon and some people think he may end up as mayor simply because he

has a head start on the rest of his generation.

John Ray knows that the civil rights warriors won't last for ever. Especially now that they're up against each other. Ray's from Georgia and he remembers his grandfather had four hound dogs. One was slower than the rest but when the pack got close to their prey the three top dogs started fighting among themselves and the fourth just came in and took the rabbit.

Ray sees himself as the fourth dog. That's why he doesn't seem perturbed that the papers won't say anything more about him now than that he's a "former government lawyer" or that he must stand out at bus stops morning after morning and explain to people who who he is and what he's doing. "There'll be a lot of surprises around March and April. A lot of people will be surprised by the support I get."

On the other hand, he may be the one surprised. Most politicians live in a fantasy future. But John Ray has made his first campaign promises. If he loses he won't be like Cliff Alexander and run away from his constituency. And if he wins, he won't demand squatter's rights on public office. Good promises. They should be required of every candidate by the voters.

Ray is not impressed by the competition: "Walter Washington's a very decent man." Then he adds, "But he's the worst administrator I've ever seen. My feelings about Sterling Tucker and Marion Barry are pretty much the same. What have they done? . . . If you look at them real close, there's not a dime's worth of difference between them. The public thinks all the politicians are in the pocket of the Board of Trade. We need someone who is trusted by all groups and interests."

But what would John Ray do differently? When you turn to the issues it doesn't sound like so much. Economic development is a big concern: "You're not going to deal with crime, housing and welfare until you have a strong economic base." He wants tax incentives, light industry, new business to stabilize what's here. He thinks Metro is great.

Okay, you're mayor. Metro's in the red. You've got to cut something. How about the line east of the Anacostia? Ray thinks before he speaks. "They would have to present some convincing evidence before I would cut the line to Anacostia."

What about public ownership of the local utilities? Ray would "lean towards

leaving them in the private sector." The former counsel to the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee says he basically favors deregulation: "No reason free enterprise can't work, although for the present we have to keep regulation." He favors rent control for now and offers no opinion on the speculation tax.

Then, slowly, some differences emerge. He's the only candidate for mayor who's against the convention center in its present form. If it's such a good idea, he asks, why aren't businesses willing to invest in it?

I ask him to whom among our elected officials he feels most akin. To my surprise we begin a long conversation about Doug Moore. "In philosophy I find myself in agreement with Doug Moore more than anyone on the council. I don't feel it's inconsistent to be pro-economic development and to be pro-poor people."

"Given the economic straight-jacket we're in, Doug Moore has stood behind a group of people who needed to be protected. I disagree with the way the man conducts himself from time to time, but he's been there as a spokesman for people who can't afford one. I admire him for his compassion for the underdog."

Ray, like Moore, doesn't care for local gun control laws. But his arguments are different. "Gun control on a city or statewide level defeats the purpose of what we're trying to do." He favors a national law. "We distract ourselves by passing these little city laws. Then they can say, 'Look you've got a gun control law and crime has gone up.'"

What about Moore's homophobia? "In terms of his stand on homosexuals I'm not Anita Bryant."

It's a difference. Hardly anyone talks about Doug except as a stereotype. Ray recognizes the complexities of one

of the city's most interesting, contradictory and frustrating politicians.

I turn to my favorite new question for aspiring politicians. How good in math were you in school? "Math was my best subject." Then he explains that he went to Herctoma Elementary and High School in Statenville, Georgia. There were 120 students in the whole school, four in his graduating class. He took math over again when he was in the Air Force.

You can't think about Georgia longshots without raising the most prominent example. Says Ray of Jimmy Carter, "But for Watergate he wouldn't be president. Carter did two courageous things. One was to take on the oil industry. The second was when he brought the lady convicted of first degree murder to help in the White House."

What about Jerry Brown? "I like him alot. In terms of fiscal policy he's pretty conservative. You have to be." Later he adds, "We need politicians who are honest about the sacrifices — not just by ordinary citizens but by the corporations, too."

The two men he's met he most admires are judges Spottswood Robinson and Carl McGowen. What about those you haven't met? He ticks off Martin Luther King ("He made possible my status; he did what I could not have done"); Bobby Kennedy ("my favorite kind of politician, very sincere about what he was doing"); and George McGovern ("the man I most wanted to see as president").

The Great Society comes up and Ray comments: "The Great Society didn't fail because it was a dumb, bad idea. It failed because of Vietnam. Consider that we spent more in Vietnam in one day than we spent on the Great Society."

A few last questions:

Favorite TV program: the news.

Favorite recent book: "Last book I read was John Dean's, a really good book."

Are you a workaholic: "By and large."

Ray is divorced. He gets up at 5:30 every morning at his home on C Street, NE and jogs a couple of miles. Softball is his other recreation, his favorite game.

"I grew up being a Yankees fan. Because we didn't have TV we used to listen to the radio; so I had no concept of black or white. My big hope was to replace Mickey Mantle. " At the age of 14 Ray broke right arm. He was taken to the nurse at the white school and she said it wasn't broken and put it in a sling. It wasn't until two weeks later that he went to a doctor. "As a result I don't have very much strength. I had to bat cross handed." The fourth dog gave up trailing Mickey Mantle.

What about music? Ray grew up with his grandparents. His grandmother was a southern Baptist who didn't even cook on Sunday and didn't allow any rock 'n roll or dancing. But country was all right. Ray listened to "Grand Old Opry" and still prefers jazz and country; "anything Charlie Pride does."

I remembered that in all these years I had never asked the other three what they listened to. Maybe it just seemed that they didn't.

I left Ray thinking how rare it was to find politicians who could talk easily about any subject other than politics. And thinking about how to write a piece that wouldn't be an endorsement but simply a way of saying that we shouldn't let the promoters decide who gets on the main card.

— SAM SMITH

THE FINANCIAL PAGE

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we mention the odd situation of having the lobbyist for the Board of Trade also chairing the local Democratic Party. It's really not fair to the Republicans who have a hard enough time here as it is without the Democrats taking over their turf. But then DC is different from other cities.

Look at the Board of Trade itself. For the second year in a row the retail merchants have been outflanked by the real estate boys, with Bob Linowes succeeding Foster Shannon as president of that august body. Linowes is perhaps most fondly remembered in some quarters because of his relentless efforts to tear down McLean Gardens for his client, who wanted to replace it with a chancery complex, high rise apartments or whatever else the zoning commission would buy. Linowes is the town's preeminent zoning lawyer, so while his lobbyist, Bob Washington, takes care of the city council, mayor and Democratic Party and his ex-sidekick, Harley Daniels, serves as Sterling Tucker's lawyer, Linowes will undoubtedly want to devote his energies in part to what they like to call "critical planning issues." It should be fun to watch, but rather confusing for candidates who may at times be uncertain whether they're seeking an endorsement from the Board, the party or merely trying to keep their home from being razed.

What makes this complex business almost inscrutable is the fact that Linowes has a brother named Sol Linowitz. Sol Linowitz runs a fustian organization known as the Federal City Council. Some readers may have thought that the council had deservedly gone out of existence, but, no, it has been born again almost precisely coinciding with the elevation of Sol's sib to the Board of Tradeship.

The council, which is described by the Post, "as an organization representing the most influential business and profes-

sional interests in Washington" (and they should know since they helped to create it), has chosen as its project of the year, the completion of Metro.

Almost everyone outside of Washington who has looked at our mass transit system, from Barron's Weekly to the transportation director of Hawaii, considers it to be either a financial disaster or an example of what not to do in urban transportation, but the word has not seeped through to the indigenous influentials, who are drawing the wagons around the beleaguered system like Rabbi Korff trying to keep Richard Nixon in office.

Metro has already established itself as the largest public subsidy program for the non-poor in at least local political history. The streets are just as crowded, ridership on buses, which require far less subsidy, has dropped, and Metro can barely pay its minimal share of what has already been borrowed, let alone what outlying spurs would cost. It has, to be sure, made Washington one of the few cities where court-bound lawyers can eat a sumptuous meal at noon, but even this limited service may decline when Carter eliminates the expense-account lunch.

After you cut through the cant and contortions, the only reasons for continuing the Metro boondoggle beyond its present underused, underfinanced limits is that a number of influential business and professional interests will make a lot of money from it.

Which brings us back to the Federal City Council. While its call for completion of the system is merely the conventional wisdom restated, its proposals for how to accomplish this are more startling. It wants a new organizational structure, that would limit the already weak check local jurisdictions have on Metro's excesses. It wants fares to increase with

inflation, e.g. you really should be paying, say, 70¢ to ride the bus today. On top of this, the FCC would institute a regional tax, or perhaps the term should be tribute, to pay for any further deficits the commuter Caesars might decree.

But what should really warm the hearts of DC residents is this paragraph from the Post's report on the FCC suggestions:

Local governments (should) act more aggressively to rezone areas around selected Metro stations to attract new residential and employment centers. One of the things that befuddled local planners is that the same people who fervently support heavy rail transit... also are vigorously opposed to any increase in densities in their neighborhoods.

If people are befuddling it is perhaps because they don't understand why you have to rezone neighborhoods in order to provide sufficient passengers for the subway. The system was supposed to meet a need. Instead we built a system and then set out to create the need.

Or was the system really built to meet the need certain interests had for rezoning?

As the year goes on, and the mayor's race warms up, we'll undoubtedly be hearing more from Sol and Bob on such matters.

But let's not just take the short-range view. Let's look ahead. For 1979, the president-elect of the Board of Trade is none other than the developer king himself, Oliver Carr. True, Carr's heir-apparent for 1980 is merely a vice president of C&P, but by then most of the city should have been rezoned, Sterling Tucker may be safely in the mayor's chair, and the only remaining question will be where to put the phones.

ADAMS MORGAN

WHERE CHANGE BEGINS

By Blair Gately

THE roots of many of the city's progressive political movements can be found deep in the community of Adams Morgan, which gave birth to the repeal of the food tax, created DC's largest and most effective neighborhood organization, started the first community-controlled schools, led the fight for a real estate speculation tax, reached the first neighborhood home financing agreement with a savings & loan, and which spawned local technological experiments ranging from recycling programs to raising trout in basements.

Adams Morgan is also the city's community of greatest economic and cultural diversity. Many herald this diversity as the neighborhood's greatest strength.

"Adams Morgan is the only community in DC that is racially and economically integrated, has a large number of low-income residents and is politically active," says Frank Smith, head of both the Adams Morgan Organization and the Adams Morgan Advisory Neighborhood Commission. "The outstanding factor in Adams Morgan is the integration. It adds credence to the notion that integration creates dynamism. Adams Morgan bears out the theory that integrated communities create the highest level of citizen participation."

"Adams Morgan is the most politically active neighborhood locally, statewide and nationwide," says Frank Shaffer-Corona, an Adams Morgan resident and a newly-elected at-large member of the school board. In his opinion Adams Morgan is so political because of "a carryover from the civil rights and anti-war movements when activists settled here in the late 1960's and early 1970's."

Marie Nahikian, former executive director of the Adams Morgan Organization and a tenant member of the Rental Accommodations Commission, thinks that one of the reasons why Adams Morgan is so political is because "the diversity here encourages it. The history of politics here goes back to the 1950s urban renewal plan. Politics has thrived here naturally."

Mark Looney, director of Strongforce, an economic organization that aids collective, anti-profit businesses, says it is a pattern in a lot of large cities for those who are politically active to congregate in certain neighborhoods.

The Adams Morgan Organization, the community government of the area, has been one of the most active and vociferous groups in the city since it was founded five years ago.

"The very premise that AMO was founded on is that this neighborhood is special and we wanted to preserve it," Nahikian said.

In the past few years, and especially since home rule, Adams Morgan's activists have brought several issues to the fore.

One of the first movements was for community control of two of the area's

elementary schools. In 1967 and 1969, the Adams and Morgan schools were given community control after parents and area residents successfully lobbied the DC School Board. The elected community boards have duties parallel to the DC Board. They decide how money allocated to the schools will be spent and they recommend the hiring of personnel.

In 1974 a movement for the repeal of the 2 percent tax on food and drugs began in Adams Morgan when Patrick Dwyer, manager of the Home Rule health food store paid the tax under protest.

"In 1974, when Fields of Plenty opened, the collective staff decided not to pay the tax and to put the money in escrow," said Mark Looney. Later that year AMO, Strongforce, and Fields of Plenty organized a Coalition to Repeal the Food and Drug Tax and received support from the Council of Churches, the Fort Stanton Civic Association, the Black United Front, the Burleith Citizens Association and other groups across the city.

"The tax was regressive and it discriminated against low-income people at a time when food prices were rising rapidly," Looney noted.

The tax was repealed in early 1975.

The rent control and speculation tax bill movements also emanated, in part, from Adams Morgan.

"Before home rule the city got permission (from Congress) to pass a rent control bill and AMO, the Capitol East Housing Coalition and DC-PIRG pushed for it," recalls Marie Nahikian.

The land speculation and rent control controversies grew in part out of two housing discrimination and speculation cases in Adams Morgan in 1973. According to Nahikian, a *Washington Star* editorial that year helped to publicize the issues.

During the campaign for the first city council elections under home rule, AMO made the repeal of the food tax and the need for a real estate speculation tax two big issues, Nahikian said. Dave Clarke, Ward One city councilmember, promised to introduce a speculation tax bill during his campaign and it was the first piece of legislation he introduced after taking office.

Before hearings were held on the bill, AMO, Capitol East, Shaw-PAC and the Metropolitan Washington Planning and Housing Association all joined efforts on the issues and formed a Speculation Task Force.

That bill has languished in Marion Barry's Finance and Revenue Committee for three years.

An unusual agreement set up last spring by Adams Morgan groups and Perpetual Savings and Loan Association establishes a Branch Advisory Committee of community residents who will monitor the institution's policy and have

ZAP! They've struck again. The new owners of 95 moderate-price apartments in Glover Park want to tear them down and replace them with town houses. The highest rent currently is \$155.

A TIP OF THE HAT to George Shelton of Shelton's Supermarket, 12th & Penna. SE, for starting a shuttle service for elderly customers using a van he has purchased . . . AND TO MARION BARRY for his new property tax proposals that come up for hearing on Jan. 11. . . AND TO SOUTH CAPITOL STREET/BUZZARD POINT COMMITTEE which is trying to keep the residents of Half Street SW from being evicted by city-backed developers (Call Gottlieb Simon at 484-3026 for info or with help).

IT PROBABLY WON'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD, but the number to try to call to get someone to get the ice off your street is 629-3871. . . HERE'S A SOBERING THOUGHT: even school board members are not allowed to sit in on negotiations with the teacher's union. . . WILHEMINA ROLARK has introduced legislation that would limit the use of lie detectors in private industry.

DOUG SCHNEIDER of the Department of Transportation says the city doesn't have money to plant all the trees it should, but he encourages you to. You can call Mr. Bell at 629-4434 or 629-5374 for details. . . On the other hand, the District government does have free firewood at 600 Howard Street, SE. You've got to split it yourself.

the right to review rejected loan applications.

Area organizations had fought Perpetual's moving into Adams Morgan because it had a history of redlining in the neighborhood.

"The Perpetual agreement is without precedent in the country. It showed the determination of a community organization to protect itself from the common practice of redlining by Washington's savings and loan associations," Frank Smith says.

In 1976 an entire block of low-income black families in Adams Morgan was evicted without being given the first right of refusal on their rental properties. The Seaton Street case was a test of tenants' rights of first option to buy on rental property, a right required under Section 301 of the DC rent control law. "Seaton Street was the only major Section 301 case in DC. It was successfully resolved when several of the plaintiffs were given the right to purchase their homes," Smith said.

Frank Shaffer-Corona points to an issue dealing with Latino affairs that also originated in Adams-Morgan. In 1976 he successfully spearheaded an effort to get bi-lingual voter registration forms and ballots.

Despite all the victories that Adams Morgan activists have won over the past few years, there is a fear that land speculation threatens to destroy the area's diverse population by driving out the low-and moderate-income people who cannot pay the rising housing costs.

"The great fear is that now that this neighborhood is thriving (unnaturally because of speculation) it's going to change," Nahikian says. "What's going to happen to the tenancy?"

Shaffer-Corona feels that "we're going to have another Georgetown in Adams Morgan unless this community — with all its diverse elements — gets together."

SCENES FROM FLESH STREET

I. On the street

THE women soliciting on the 14th Street-K Street Vermont Avenue triangle in DC do not call themselves prostitutes or hookers. Nor do they use the hoary terms *harlot* or *strumpet*. They prefer, rather, the appellation used by Shakespeare and in the King James Bible by the prophets: *whore*. But whores pronounce this term in their own way. They don't pronounce the "r" — so that the word comes out "ho," and in the plural "hose." Thus the term is freed not only from Shakespeare but also from the opprobrious meaning it has today in the world outside of prostitution. The word *whore* pronounced without the "r" is a new word, the prostitutes' designation of themselves.

I.

On the corner of Vermont and K two whores are talking to three middle-aged men in business suits. A policeman on a motorcycle runs up over the curb, and stops next to the group of whores and johns. He tells the women they can get tickets for jaywalking, spitting, depositing trash, indecent exposure, obstructing the sidewalk and other minor violations. The johns walk away, talking among themselves, looking furtively behind at the cop and the whores. The women put their hands on their hips and look at the cop, their eyes fulminating: "Well, Mr. Policeman," one says. "I hope you're proud of yourself. You lost us two customers." The other assails the cop with obscenities. The whores turn around, their heads high, their backs and necks arched, and walk away crisply.

II.

Two plain clothes policewomen from the Third District are standing on 14th and L, on the northwest corner. Across L Street, on the southwest corner, are standing two plain clothes policemen, from the Second District. All are decoys.

When these police see a whore and a john talking to each other; when they see a whore walking down the street with a john — in none of these instances can the police make an arrest. A policewoman decoy can't even arrest a john for saying something like "Could you come with me tonight?", or a whore for saying "You want to date, baby?"

The reason is that prostitution is defined behaviorally: "It's not illegal to be a prostitute per se," the policewoman decoy says, "but it is illegal to solicit." And for a charge of soliciting to hold up in court three conditions must be present: the prostitute must initiate contact, must mention a sex act, and must talk about the money it will cost. For example, a whore can be arrested for soliciting if she starts the conversation, and if she offers to do a half-and-half (fallatio and intercourse) for \$30.

III.

A long-haired and blue-jeaned, boot-ed and bearded white guy in his early twenties is walking on 14th Street between L and K. He is walking hurriedly, jerkily and smoking in quick inhalations. He stops to talk to a whore: lanky, with long legs and long brown hair. Then with

the woman he continues his walk down 14th Street — his gait now a stroll, his cigarette smoking languid.

A tall paunchy man in red bermuda shorts and a blue and green striped shirt is leaning against the wall of a building on Vermont and L. He is frowning, looking at his feet. Nearby a whore is trying to flag down a cab. Finally, one stops. The whore turns to the man, calls "C'mon, baby, let's go," and the man lumbers sorrowfully over to the cab. The whore jumps in, chatting with the driver. The john follows her, silently, heavily.

IV.

On Vermont and L a whore gets out of a cab. She walks over to another whore. "Hey girl friend," this other prostitute says. "How was that last trick?"

"It was shit. That man was a Nigerian or something — I'm telling you, that nigger was black. He talked like he was some kind of a professor, and he took me up to the Embassy Row Hotel. When we went up to his room I asked him for the hundred dollars — that's how much he had said he would give me. Then he started acting evil, he slapped me, and said he wasn't going to pay me no damned hundred dollars. But I told him he better because a hundred dollars was what we had agreed on. Finally he gave me all of the money, but he said he wanted twenty back. I told him no, I'll leave if you don't let me keep it all. He was mad as hell at me, but he knew I was right.

"When we got in bed he wanted to do all kinds of kinky shit with me. I wouldn't do it, so he slapped me. Then I started kicking and hitting him back. I told him I was going to scream, and then the manager would come and he would be embarrassed. That sure shut him up. We did a half and half, and I left."

"Them foreigners, girl," the other whore says, "they pay good money, but you never know what to expect. They ain't worth it."

V.

A black whore wearing thick glasses is standing on Vermont and K. A man approaches her. "Not too many girls out tonight," he says. "The police giving you all a hard time?"

"Yeah," she replies. "Some nights the police hassle us a lot, cut down on our business. Give us tickets for jaywalking and stuff like that. Other nights

there's hardly any police out here at all. All they can do anyway is hassle us. No matter what they try to do, we'll always be here."

"You don't work here very often, do you?" the man says. "I haven't seen you here before."

"No. Usually I work on 13th and Rhode Island. Came down here just for a change. Don't like it, either — feel like all these white girls are crowding me out."

"There really are a lot of white girls down here. Too bad you're have a bad night. You should've been with me earlier, would have raised your spirits. I went to a jazz club: that music took me out."

"You dig jazz, huh? That is what I usually listen to too. John Coltrane's my favorite."

"A genius."

"That's right. But most people don't understand what he was trying to do, and they sure didn't understand him when he was living. You've got to be very sensitive and intelligent to appreciate him."

"We should start a Coltrane club."

"Only for the intellectual elite," the prostitute says.

VI.

The cab driver picks up a whore and a john. "Hi, Jimmy," the whore says. "How's business been tonight?"

"Can't complain," the cabbie says.

"My girls been taking care of me."

"You always know where we want to go."

"That's my job, baby: I know my girls."

In every city there are cab drivers who specialize in carrying whores.

"Thanks, Jimmy. You're a real friend. And everybody needs a friend. Especially out here."

"You're right about that."

VII.

Several times a week an elderly couple comes late in the evening to the all-night coffee shop. They drink tea, often saying nothing to each other, sometimes talking in a Slavic language. The man, bearded, wears a rumpled black suit; he is in a wheelchair. The woman wears a drab, frowzy, old-fashioned dress, and has her cotton stockings rolled to her knees. The look in her eyes is savage, prehensile, raying a touch of madness.

After the couple has spent an hour or so in the coffee shop, often surrounded by pimps and whores, the woman wheels the man out. She pushes him on K Street from the coffee shop to Vermont Ave., up Vermont to M Street, left on M, and into a building composed of relatively low rent furnished apartments, between 14th and 15th. On the route to the apartment building there swirl around the old couple scout cars, pimpmobiles, cars with Maryland or Virginia tags carrying middle-aged johns, cars full of gawking teenagers or servicemen, cabs carrying whores and johns, cabs carrying whores returning from dates. On the sidewalks adjacent to the couple scantily-dressed whores are calling out to the cruising johns, "You want a date, honey?", or are running across the street to a car, or are sitting inside the car, negotiating. And in the middle of this strident, sinful humanity the wife, doughty and straining, pushes her crippled husband home.

(Next month: A prostitute talks.)

By Rusty Ross